

Steve Garvey's Tips for Lovers • Kā-Si Atta Bat
L. L. Beaner Catalog • Gertrude Steinbrenner

NATIONAL LAMPPOON Sports

WPS 34490

JULY 1982 • THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00



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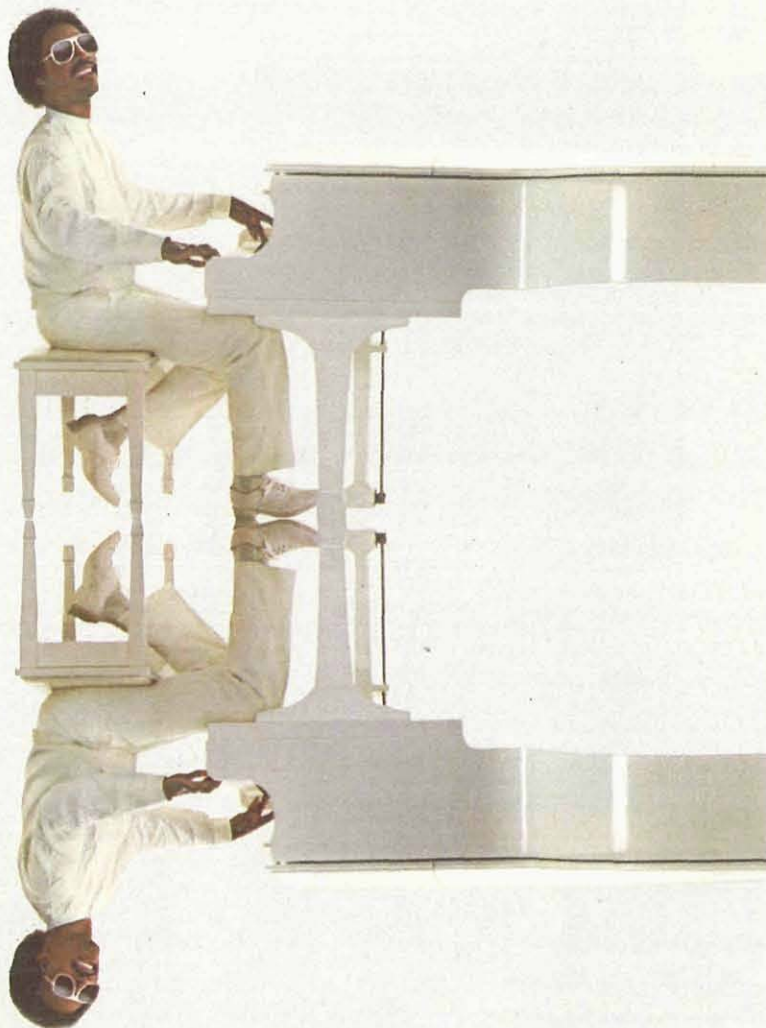
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Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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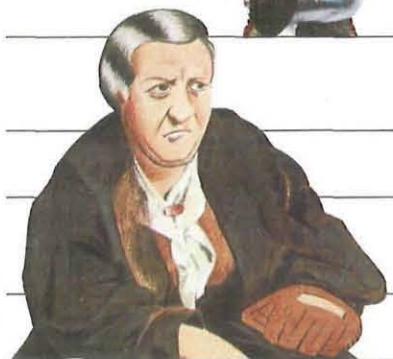
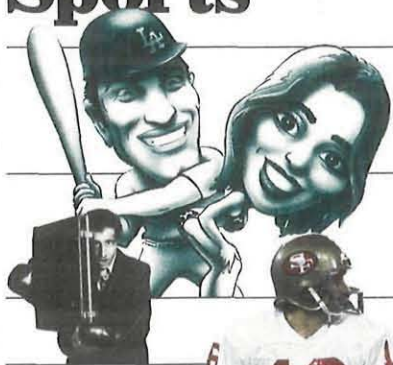
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THE WORLD
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Editorial

YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES you're really wrapped up in watching a life-and-death situation on a real great TV show like "Knotts Landing" or something, and just at the most gripping, exciting, realistic moment, you see... a boom shadow... or somebody muffs a line...and it spoils everything? It really wrecks the illusion.

Well, this editorial, appearing in the July 1982 issue of the magazine, wasn't written in July. It was written, right against deadline, in early March.

You're taking the shock really well.

What that means is five whole months will have passed between the time we all heard about John and the time you read this.

By the time you read this...

Søren Kierkegaard, the late Danish humorist, used to wonder at the absurd optimism implied in making assumptions about the future. How dare we accept a dinner invitation? Mightn't a tile have fallen off a roof and totaled us by dinnertime?

Five months. More than enough time for the mother of Hamlet (another late Danish humorist) to dry her tears and happily remarry...

In five months, John may actually have dropped off the front pages, after they've counted the molecules in his poor cells, and interviewed the dozens of creeps he was alone with at the end, and all the old friends he never met, who tried to warn him...

In late '72, John left the Second City company in Chicago and came to New York to star in a National Lampoon off-Broadway show called *Lemmings*. He didn't much want to come. But the audiences helped convince him he'd made the right career move. It was love at first take.

Lemmings was a sort of musical, about rock music, drugs, and death at an early age. Those things all seemed pretty funny, at the time...

The character John played in *Lemmings*—or, to be accurate, the character John brought to *Lemmings*—was a homicidal, suicidal, totally out-of-control teddy bear. He stayed with the show a year. He kept the part for life.

Which is not meant to diminish his skill as an actor. He was a witty, brilliant improviser, with the added and unusual ability to work away at a gesture, a



pause, a take, until he had it perfect—and then freeze it, leave it alone, execute it the same every time. He never undercut his material, or went baroque with it, joking on the joke, breaking up the band. He was a pro, as they say. But powering the skill and hard work and stage smarts was John, the berserk koala.

After *Lemmings*, John was featured on, and for a while actually coproduced, "The National Lampoon Radio Hour." He convinced a bunch of old pals to leave Second City and join him here in New York as costars on the show, and in a second stage show about to begin. Thus we met Gilda, and Brian, and Bill... They created "The National Lampoon Show" and most nights there would be TV guys sitting ringside, taking notes...

Until, together with Chevy (from *Lemmings*), they became the Not Ready for Prime Time Players.

The point to this history lesson is: John was generous to his friends, and not afraid of competition for laughs, or anything else. They all became stars. He became a superstar, whose molecules made headlines...

Then there was *Animal House*. Nat-Lamp's first movie, and once again the writers were smart enough to give John

the lead, and let him play—John. Well, a part of John. The baby Gargantua who lived inside him (alongside the teenage guru, the lunch-counter Greek, the loving husband, the killer bee, the blues singer, Joe Cocker, and everybody else). The cuddly killer who wanted to consume the universe, eat it, guzzle it, smoke it, snort it, give it a terrible hug...

During the next (last) five months, a lot of sage folks are sure to say that what is shocking is not *that* John died, but *the way* he died.

Wrong. The way he died was about as shocking as a Wallenda falling off a tightrope, or an Indy racer crashing.

What is...shocking...is that a person so *alive* that it even came through on *television*...isn't alive anymore.

So, we're sorry. For John, a little, because he really was too young to die of old age just yet. For his wife, Judy, who is a decent, gentle, and sensitive person, who might have been spared the headline buzzards and the molecule counts... And sorry for ourselves, because something alive and dangerous and lovable has gone out of our lives.

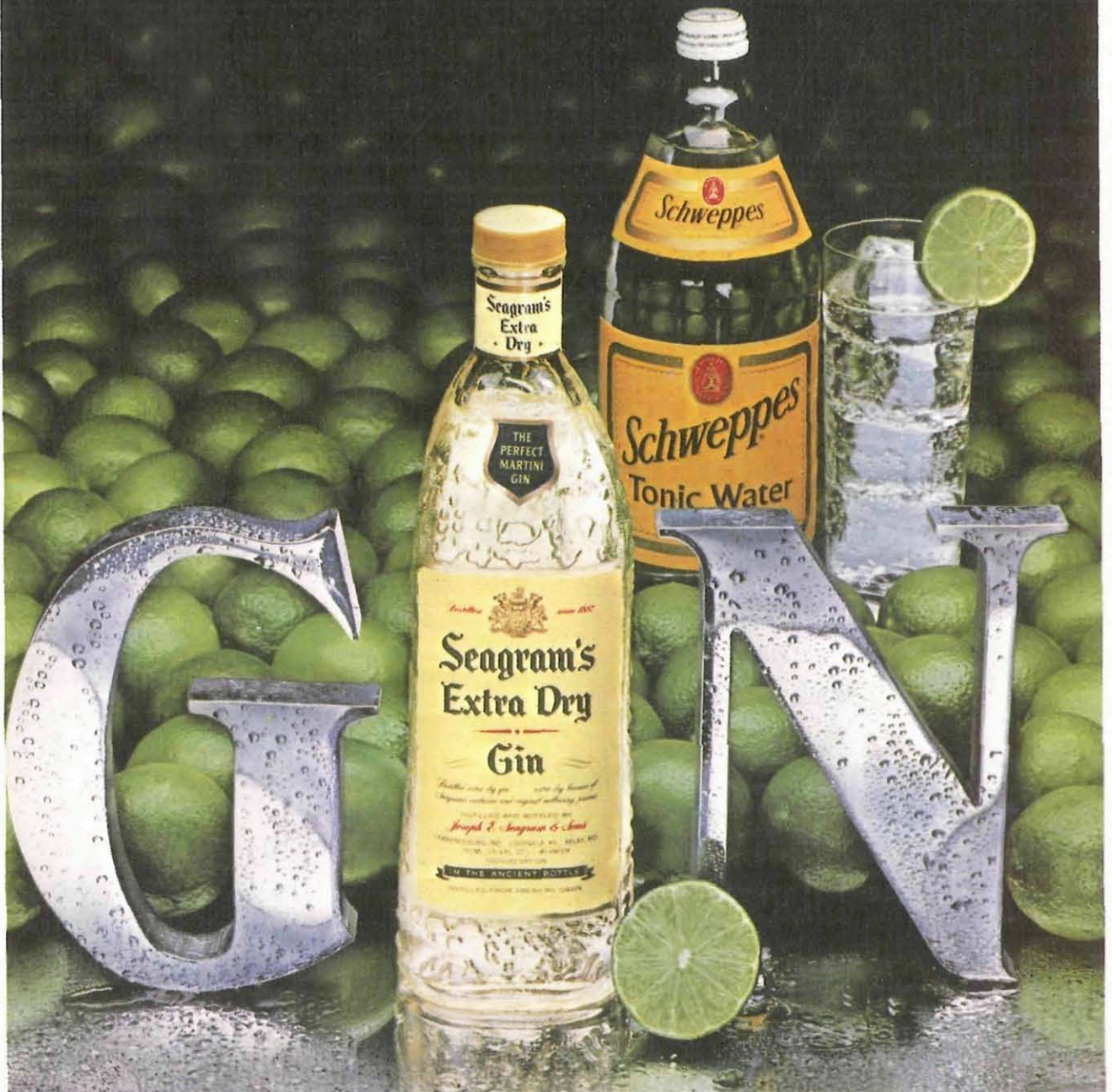
One reason John liked to keep the party going was that he wasn't especially good at good-byes.

Good-bye, John. Wish you could have stayed.

—S. K.

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Letters

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Allow me to introduce myself. I'm the official Letters column warm-up comedian. It's my job to welcome you to this page of letters and to get you in a good, laughing mood for the letters to come. So, take my wife, please. I don't get no respect. Well, excuse me.

Okay, so maybe those aren't my jokes. What do you care—I'm working for peanuts. You see, I'm so fat, they think I'm an elephant. Look, I know you're still alive—I can hear you breathing out there. C'mon, laugh, damn you! God, I hate this job.

Marty Allen
*Official Letters Column
Warm-up Comedian*

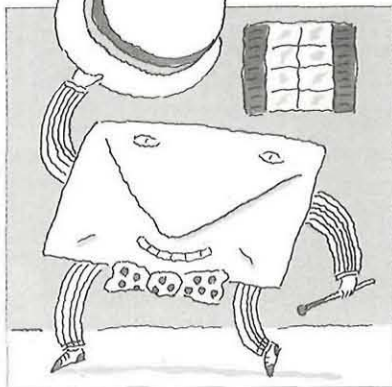
Sirs:

We've been revived to look into the Reagan shooting, and so far we know this much:

1. Mr. Reagan is currently a president of the United States.
2. The hotel near where he was shot employs many people, with its seasonal hiring slightly higher.

Not much yet, but we've got some exciting leads on the president's blood type.

Warren Commission
Washington, D.C.



Sirs:

So all right, what if you had this expensive cassette recorder, right? And there was some way to like put it on automatic and leave it in the forest with one of those built-in mikes that's real sensitive, ya know? And you like come back a few days later and a tree fell while you were gone? You mean to tell me you couldn't play it back and *hear* it fall? No fucking way, man!

Play-Doh, the Modern Philosopher

Sirs:

Does anybody out there know where I can get ten million pair of cheapshit jeans without any labels on them yet?

Gloria Vanderbilt
New York City

Sirs:

Where can I get me some of those great Susan B. Anthony dollars? They're so handy and convenient, I just can't see how people ever did without them.

Howard Crane
Covington, Ky.

Sirs:

Why would anyone name their son Felix, Mort, Otto, Angus, Delbert, Zeke, Oddis, Eino, Ty, Shlomo, Ross, Baldwin, Ezra, Croft, Terdell, Djusta, Milo, Edsel, Dunhill, Tad, Cyril, Omar, Gustabo, Remo, Macon, Zack, Bronislaw, Hennell, Cazzie, Gumpster, Waldo, Vern, Grover, or Floyd?

Name Withheld by Request
Providence, R.I.

Sirs:

How come they have all those great religious programs on television all at the same time on Sunday? Why can't they put some of them into prime time, so we can enjoy them during the week, too?

Alvin Reynolds
Omaha, Nebr.

Sirs:

How would you like money, power, respect—all free of charge? Just sign on the dotted line:

.....
and mail to me. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Mr. Mephistopheles
El Diablo, N. Mex.

Sirs:

They've got some goddamn nerve with their signs like Slower Traffic Keep Right, and No Left Turn, and shit like that. It's my car, and I'll drive it any way I damn well please.

Bill Murphy
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Man, I got everybody fooled, I play two sports, make a whole mess of money in both of them, and get laid a lot. Pretty good for an ugly asshole, eh?
Pete Rose, aka Jimmy Connors

Sirs:

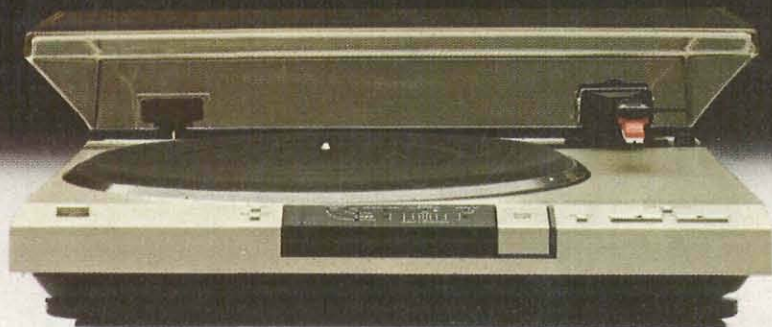
It works for me, too. Right on, Jimmy-Pete!

Reggie Jackson, aka John McEnroe
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)



"We make our choices...butcher, baker, or candlestick maker...
and we live with them. Right, Arnie?"

A GREAT HIGH-FIDELITY SYSTEM CONSISTS OF THE BEST SEPARATE COMPONENTS.

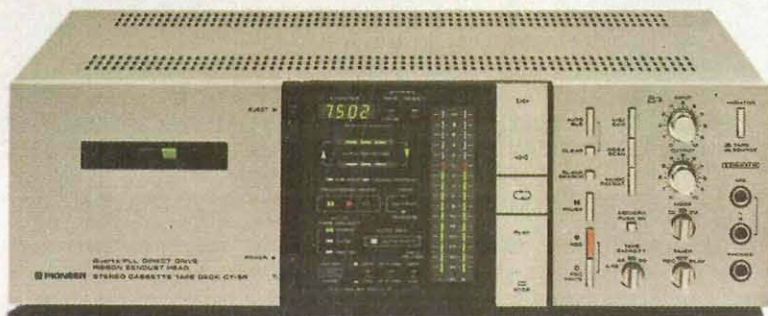


PIONEER PL-L800 LINEAR TRACKING TURNTABLE

"Speed, accuracy and stability are beyond reproach...we consider the ensemble unusually attractive."

—High Fidelity

PIONEER CT-9R STEREO CASSETTE TAPE DECK
"A cassette deck whose performance is at the very top rank."
—The Complete Buyers Guide To Stereo Hi-Fi Equipment



PIONEER F-9 FM/AM DIGITAL SYNTHESIZED TUNER

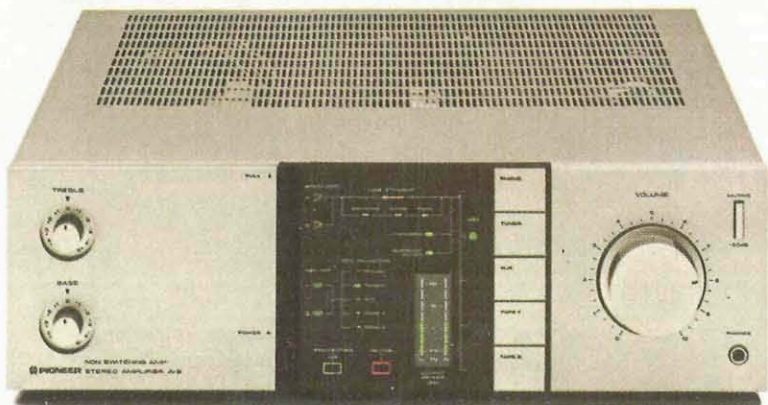
"This incredible tuner performance is available at a fraction of what the best non-frequency-synthesized performance used to cost just a few years ago."

—Audio Magazine



PIONEER A-8 INTEGRATED STEREO AMPLIFIER
"...the total absence of detectable IM distortion, even at the highest audio frequencies...sets the A-8 apart from any other amplifier we have tested."

—Stereo Review



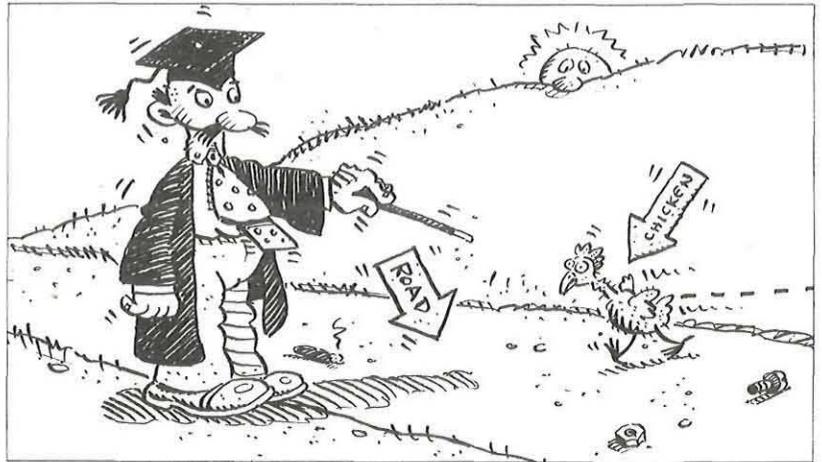
Professor Kennilworth on the Joke

Q: What's the difference between a...and a...?

A: You could eat a bowling ball if you really had to.

by Dave Yuzo Spector

JOKES, YOU SEE, ARE NOT funny. They never were funny. Neither are jokes humorous or even interesting. People who laugh at jokes aren't funny. People who tell jokes are even worse. My physics students ask me, "So why aren't jokes funny, Mr. Kennilworth?" And I tell them, "First of all, acne cases, it's *Professor Kennilworth!*" Then I continue, "There is no good in that which can be explained and proved to be an impossible affair. Women cannot be explained, hence they are lovable. Nature is helplessly complex, therefore it fascinates. Jokes, however, can be thoroughly disproved,



and, thusly, are a bore." For the unenlightened reader, I shall demonstrate.

EXAMPLE 1: *A patient walks into his absentminded doctor's office and notices that the doctor is writing with a thermometer. The patient says, "Hey, Doc, how come you're writing with a ther-*

момeter?" The doctor replies, "God damn it! Now some asshole's got my pen!"

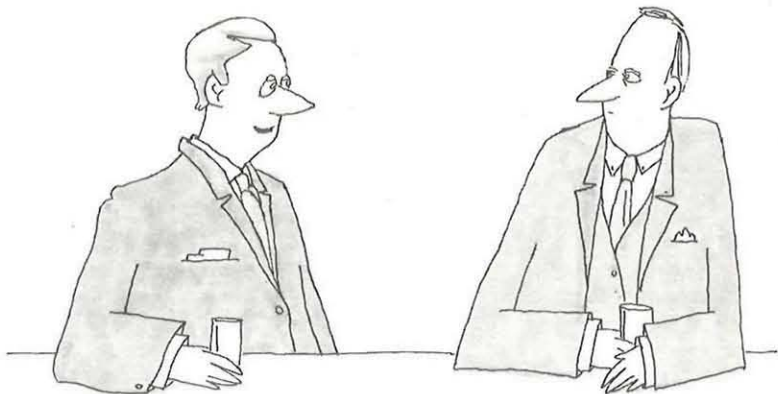
The anus is a remarkable workhorse of the human body. Through a complicated set of muscles and tissues it is capable of retaining bile and dejecta inside and then releasing it only when ordered to do so by the bowels. Its design rivals that of sophisticated machinery and performs a function necessary to our sanitary survival. However, there is no thinking apparatus in the anal canal that could determine any profit in stealing a writing implement. In addition, should the anus, for argument's sake, decide to retain a writing implement, the implement would soon be forced out due to peristalsis, or the natural resistance of the sphincter muscle—except in certain neighborhoods.

EXAMPLE 2: *Q: How do you get a Polack out of the bathtub?*

A: Throw in a bar of soap.

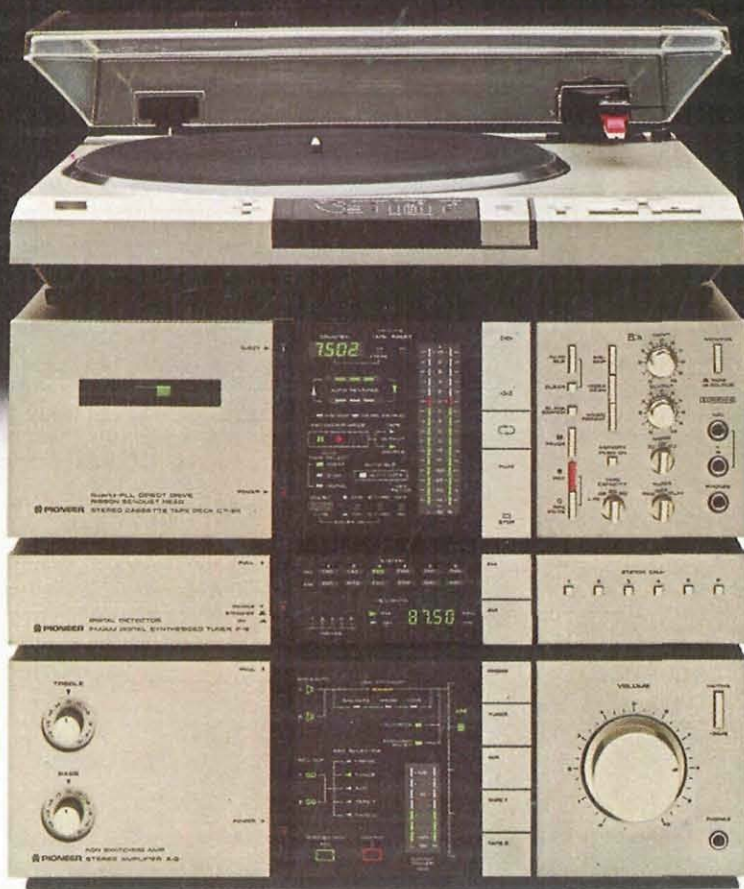
The dimensions of a bar of non-institutional soap, after computing the size variations between complexion, deodorant, and family-size-deodorant soaps, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ " X $4\frac{1}{2}$ " X $\frac{1}{4}$ ", taking into consideration two weeks of use accounting for a 21 percent reduction in the bar's volume. Therefore, when this bar of soap is immersed in said bathtub, it could displace matter not exceeding

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



"I left my wife this morning. Of course, it was only to go to work, but I feel good about it."

AN OBVIOUS CONCLUSION.



HPM-900

In the past, the only way to put together a truly outstanding system was to purchase each component from a different manufacturer.

Because people felt one company made the best turntable, another the best receiver and so on.

Today, however, as the reviews on the previous page indicate, there's a company that makes some of the best components in every category.

Pioneer.

Critics from every major hi-fi

magazine in the country have applauded the design and engineering that have gone into producing our new tuner, turntable, amp and cassette deck.

Visit your nearest Pioneer dealer and listen to the complete system featuring these highly acclaimed separate components.

You'll be as impressed with the whole as the critics are with the parts.

 **PIONEER**[®]
We bring it back alive.

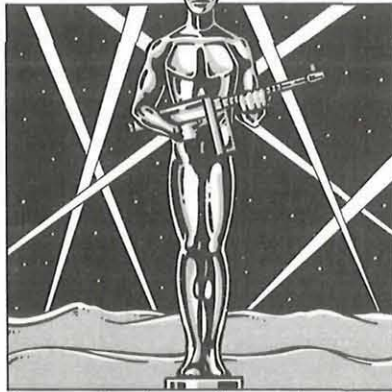
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Shooting Stars

Violent movies, news, sports: all new on all-violence cable TV.

by Joel Kweskin and Cary Bayer

PATTY HEARST TELLS US there's a lot more to her relationship with TV personality **Barbara Walters** than folks think. Even before their celebrated interview, Barbara paid visits to the convicted Symbionese Liberation Army collaborator while she was in prison. "Barbara was so nice to me," Patty recalls. "I wanted to do something nice for her. I knew she hadn't been dating anyone special at the time, so I gave her some names and numbers of guys I met through the SLA... At one point," Patty says, "Barbara got real dreamylike, and asked me in that funny voice of hers, 'What's it weally wike to be waviged by tewwowists?' I mean, she really does sound like **Gilda Radner**..." Thanks for the scoop, Patty, and congrats on your best-selling bio. Meanwhile, shame on you, SLA. Remaining army members, jealous of



the-attention the media has given Patty, last week tried to lay siege to San Simeon, palatial estate of Patty's great-grandfather, publisher **William Randolph Hearst**. When security proved too tight, the frustrated renegades did what they considered the next best thing. They kidnapped **Orson Welles**, and now they're stuck with him. No one will pay a ransom and his food bills are enormous.

Who says baseball is a noncontact sport? A noted sociologist looks for the day when stadiums will erect huge bulletproof glass screens to protect the likes of **Dave Parker** and others from beer cans, batteries, golf balls, and other mis-

siles thrown by eager fans... Another observer says ball players will soon be sweating through the dog days of summer, wearing bulletproof vests, helmets, leg pads, even bulletproof groin cups. We think that scenario makes more sense. Besides, why cheat fans of their right to display dissatisfaction once they've paid their hard-earned way into the park? After all, we're talking about athletes who make millions for possessing, among other things, fast reflexes. We say let the fans put those reflexes to the test.

The postman doesn't even ring once... That's the word from our underground friends in Iran, who say that letter bombs are again all the rage.

New York City's New School for Social Research is starting a movie-for-discussion course next month on violence in America. Among the scheduled flicks: *The Fan*, *Fade to Black*, *Motel Hell*, and *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*. No doubt, plenty of violence in each of them. The question is, is it art? Frankly, our answer is, who cares? We have our own reason for attending, thank you. Like picking up valuable pointers on slashing, garroting, hacksawing, gouging, bludgeoning, and disemboweling. Sure, movies are meant to entertain, but when they also educate and instruct we come away pretty darn impressed.

Mattel introducing two new challenging video games: "Airport Security Check" and "Hijack." Object of the first game is to sneak everything from firearms to vials of chemical explosives, first past the security-check X ray, then past airport police, without looking conspicuous. Just as in real life, it's not as easy as it looks... "Hijack" picks up where "Security Check" leaves off... Object, once inside the plane, is simple enough: at some point between cocktails and the middle of the in-flight movie, you take over the cockpit and announce your intention to "have this thing flown to Riyadh." Ah, but you have to first avert suspicion by ordering a specially prepared Kosher dinner... It's all intriguing fun, and youngsters and adults alike should really flip for the lifelike situations.

Shhh...it's a secret, but: Jewish De-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)



CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81; LIGHTS HARD PACK: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

8 mg tar.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.

Kennilworth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)
2½" x 4½" x ¼". A typical Polack would be a good deal larger than those dimensions, proving the experiment fruitless. Only by using a Polish fetus could the displacement stand a chance of success; but a fetus would not likely have any business bathing alone.

EXAMPLE 3: *Q: What's the difference between a bowling ball and a Polish pussy?*
A: You could eat a bowling ball if you really had to.

The density of a bowling ball is 2060.4 lb/ft (mass over volume), as opposed to human flesh combined with silky pubic hair, which is 9.2 lb/ft. In order to break the surface of a bowling ball, with its hardness of 50/1000 on the Gruelin Scale, your teeth would have to have an equal hardness of 50/1000 or better. Even if the level of hardness were matched, a force of at least 40 horsepower would be needed to drive the tooth or teeth strong enough, to produce a chip or fissure. In recorded dental history, the greatest force ever exerted by teeth on a nonfood item was in 1958, when Bud Fortillo of Grand Rapids wagered \$50 he could open a

bottle of Blatz with his mouth.

EXAMPLE 4: *Q: Why does Dr. Pepper come in bottles?*

A: Because his wife died.

Assuming Dr. Pepper graduated from an accredited medical school, his minimum age would put him at twenty-seven. Court records show that Dr. Pepper was neither a midget nor a dwarf but average in height (5'9") and weight (165 lbs). The neck of a soda-pop bottle, as dictated by the American Bottlers Association, is exactly ⅞", or 71 mm. The smallest circumference allowable to contain a mature urethra and blood ducts for erection is 1⅛". Even if the organ were inserted into the bottle in a flaccid state (½" or smaller), the penis could not ejaculate without achieving at least a 50 percent erectile state, well over the bottle's limiting ⅔" diameter, thus rendering orgasm not only impossible but uninteresting as well.

EXAMPLE 5: *Two drunks stumble into an alley and see a dog on the ground licking his balls. One drunk says, "Hey, I wish I could do that," to which the other drunk says, "I think you better pet him first."*

Given the advanced state of intoxication of the men in the above situation, the coordination needed to

accomplish a serious tonguing of a canine's testicles would seem sorely absent. Disregarding sexual deviates, for a normal person of stable mind to suppose that another similarly stable person would experience pleasure in lapping a dog's genitals would indicate a severe mental distortion brought about by no less than a 1.4 alcohol level. At this level, the drinker cannot maintain a balanced position, other than sleeping, much less use his tongue accurately while in a hovering stance.

EXAMPLE 6: *Q: Why doesn't Jesus Christ like to eat M&M's?*

A: Because they keep falling through his hands.

Not likely. The crude nails used in the crucifixion did indeed pierce holes in the Savior's palms. However, as Jesus was not believed to be hemophilic, coagulation and the probable presence of wood fibers would have created a dried and congealed blockage of considerable degree, with edema due to trauma adding to the difficulty. Plain M&M's are too large to make their way through the holes, excepting those M&M's handled about three minutes prior to the clotting period and the insertion of said nails. As for peanut M&M's, forget it.

EXAMPLE 7: *A spaceship from Mars needs to replace a tire right away, so it lands on Earth in the middle of Brooklyn, New York. The Martians walk around until they notice a delicatessen with a tray of bagels in the window. They go inside and ask the counterman, "Could we have one of those spare wheels?" The counterman replies, "Those aren't wheels, they're bagels. Here, try one." The Martian takes a bite, thinks for a moment, and says, "Hey, you know what these would go awfully good with? Lox and cream cheese."*

For a technically advanced Martian to think that something close to a common bagel would be of applicable use in a landing apparatus is most curious. While the plain-water bagel is more uniform in shape and offers less aerodynamic resistance, the other varieties on the tray, like poppy and onion, would be of such variance in perimeter as to seriously jeopardize a safe rollout on the desertlike surface found on Mars, where the oxide composition would quickly eat away the "bagel wheels." In addition, double parking is strictly prohibited in Brooklyn.

NEXT MONTH, I WILL DEMONSTRATE why song lyrics don't make sense and are ultimately boring. Included will be "I've Got the World on a String" and "Blue Moon." ■

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Head and antlers above the rest.

Shooting Stars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)
fense League leader **Meyer Kahane** is such a *schlub*, or slob, that his close friends jokingly call him "Oscar" Meyer.

Last year's explosive "60 Minutes" interview with renegade CIA munitions suppliers **Frank Terpil** and **Gary Korkola** has unexpectedly launched two new careers. Despite the mercenary duo's "disappearance," filmmaker and fellow fugitive **Roman Polanski** has penned a flick based on their exploits, *Butch and Sundance in Lebanon*. Now he's searching the Middle East to sign the handsome Korkola and the likable Terpil to play themselves. "Combine Gary's wavy blond hair with that adorable twinkle in Frank's eye and it's hard to see how these two could miss," writes the peripatetic Polanski from somewhere near Damascus.

We scoop Rupe: Publishing mogul **Rupert Murdoch** to expand empire with formation of his own cable-TV network, a twenty-four-hour pay service called the Violence Channel. Programs will include violent movies, news, specials, sports, interviews, and game shows. "This network," Murdoch told a press conference, "is for people who are left unsatisfied by the way violence is passively transmitted through newspapers... Yes," he laughed, "even my *New York Post*." Murdoch's premiere shows will be the controversial porn classic *Snuff*, in which the female lead is actually shown being murdered, and exclusive on-the-scene live coverage of Death Row executions.

Birthdaying this month: **Kathy Boudin**, thirty-nine, and **Emily Harris**, thirty-four.

Paladin Press, the publishers who brought you the practical *How to Kill series*, *Pictorial History of U.S. Sniping*, and *Nazi Silencer Patents*, is branching out into another business. Looking to give Western Union and their singing telegram and Candygram a run for their money, Paladin has introduced Killagram. This delightful new service dispatches a messenger to the home of that special someone on your "list." Dressed in top hat and tails, the messenger rings the doorbell, greets your friend with a few bars from "Another One Bites the Dust," and delivers your message—a .38-caliber slug between the old peepers.

Shooter's Survival Guide, slick monthly out of Anaheim, California, is running a popular direct-mail campaign. Readers renewing a three-year subscription receive as a gift through

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)



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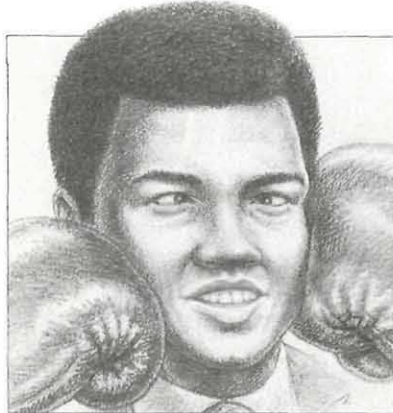
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J&R MUSIC WORLD

Fun Tales from the World of Sport

Cackling uncontrollably, Ali confided, "I don't know who I am. I gots brain damage real bad."
by Kevin Curran



THE WORLD OF SPORT HAS produced more than its share of excitement, carnage, and mirth. Athletes are as notorious for their spritely antics off the field as for their heroic abilities on it. They love to spend their off-hours spilling buckets of water and chicken parts on each other, ripping expensive furniture to shreds in luxurious hotel rooms, drinking themselves silly while pawing large-breasted small-town waitresses named Kelly-Jo or Jan, and, in general, carrying on the way all red-blooded males would really like to.

And why shouldn't they? They make more money in a few years of glamorous combat, pitting their finely honed skills and instincts against each other in tests of skill and strength (each game, indeed, a precise reenactment of the

joys and agonies of life), than you will in a lifetime of shuffling papers as a clerk for your local Firestone Tire retail outlet, where your boss is probably a woman, blue haired and solidly post-menopausal, to boot. Can you imagine Mean Joe Greene spending his days chained to a desk in the corner of an office in an unfashionable part of downtown Pittsburgh, surrounded by dying potted plants, staring straight ahead at a "new-wave" collage put together by a nineteen-year-old typist who had flunked out of her first year at Allegheny Community College because on

a pop quiz she couldn't name the first three presidents *regardless of order*? Hell, no.

So don't begin to mouth off about "extravagant sports salaries" and "poor TV reception" until you stand in the batter's box trembling as "Goose" Gosage rears back to deliver a blazing fastball in your direction, scientifically calculated to be traveling at 100 miles per. Or until you've stood tall in the ring against a punching machine like Larry Holmes delivering rights to the head that would turn your brain to refried beans inside of the two-minute mark of the first round. Have you ever encountered the hurtling form of Ed "Too Tall" Jones barreling across the line, throwing away your puny blockers the way a Sugar Bowl queen throws M&M's to a hungry parade crowd? Listen, mister, have you ever once in your pathetic life gone one on one with "The Doctor," Julius Erving, and attempted to stop the slam dunk that he wants real badly to put in *your face*, the one where he takes off like a rocket from the free-throw line and won't be stopped by nothing save a Soviet attack on the entire East Coast?

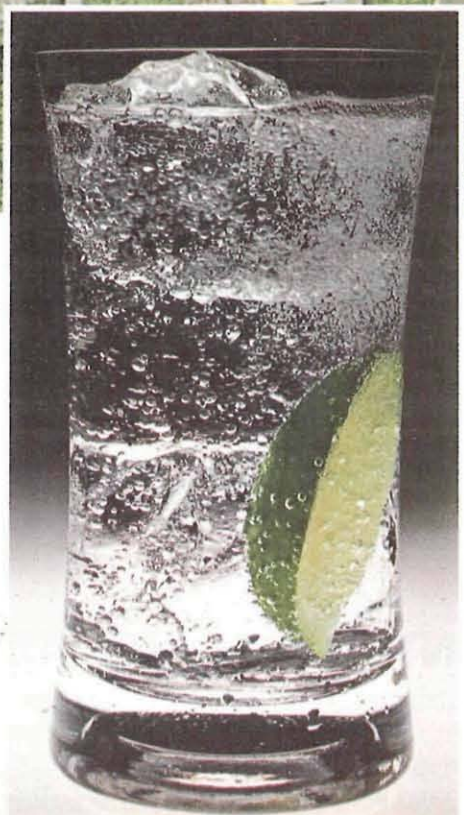
I should say not. And you think your girl respects you! I bet she's off right this second, down at the old corner newsstand, buying the latest copy of *Sports Illustrated* to drool over the likes of Joe Montana, going back to her room with that magazine, locking the door, unplugging the phone, and, well...

Here then is a cheerful, upbeat selection of prime-rib anecdotes about those wacky goofballs of athleticism and their madcap, lark-a-minute laff-style.

PETE ROSE, "CHARLEY HUSTLE" TO A generation of fans of the Cincinnati Reds and now the Philadelphia Phillies, recently joined the ranks of one of baseball's most select groups, those players making over 3,000 career hits in their lifetime. "Petey" proudly carried the bat that slammed that hanging curve into shallow right field for number 3,000 as he hurried to the parking lot. There he espied three dark-skinned teenagers attempting unlawful entry into his shiny



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Ronald Ramos, Civil Engineer and his wife Gladys

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cherry red '79 Trans-Am. Rose hurried up to the pesky youths and assumed his batting stance, clubbing each soundly in turn on the head while deadpanning, "Number 3.001, 3.002, 3.003..."

AS PART OF HIS REHABILITATION PROGRAM, convicted felon roundball wizard Marvin Barnes was ordered by a well-respected superior-court judge to "conduct weekend basketball clinics and/or training camps in and/or around the environs of Detroit." One such lesson took place in suburban Grosse Pointe, a neighborhood better known for its bridge tourneys than its basketball. "Marvelous Marv" kept his famous high spirits under restraint as the pasty-faced suburban youngsters shyly displayed their hoop "skills." One young

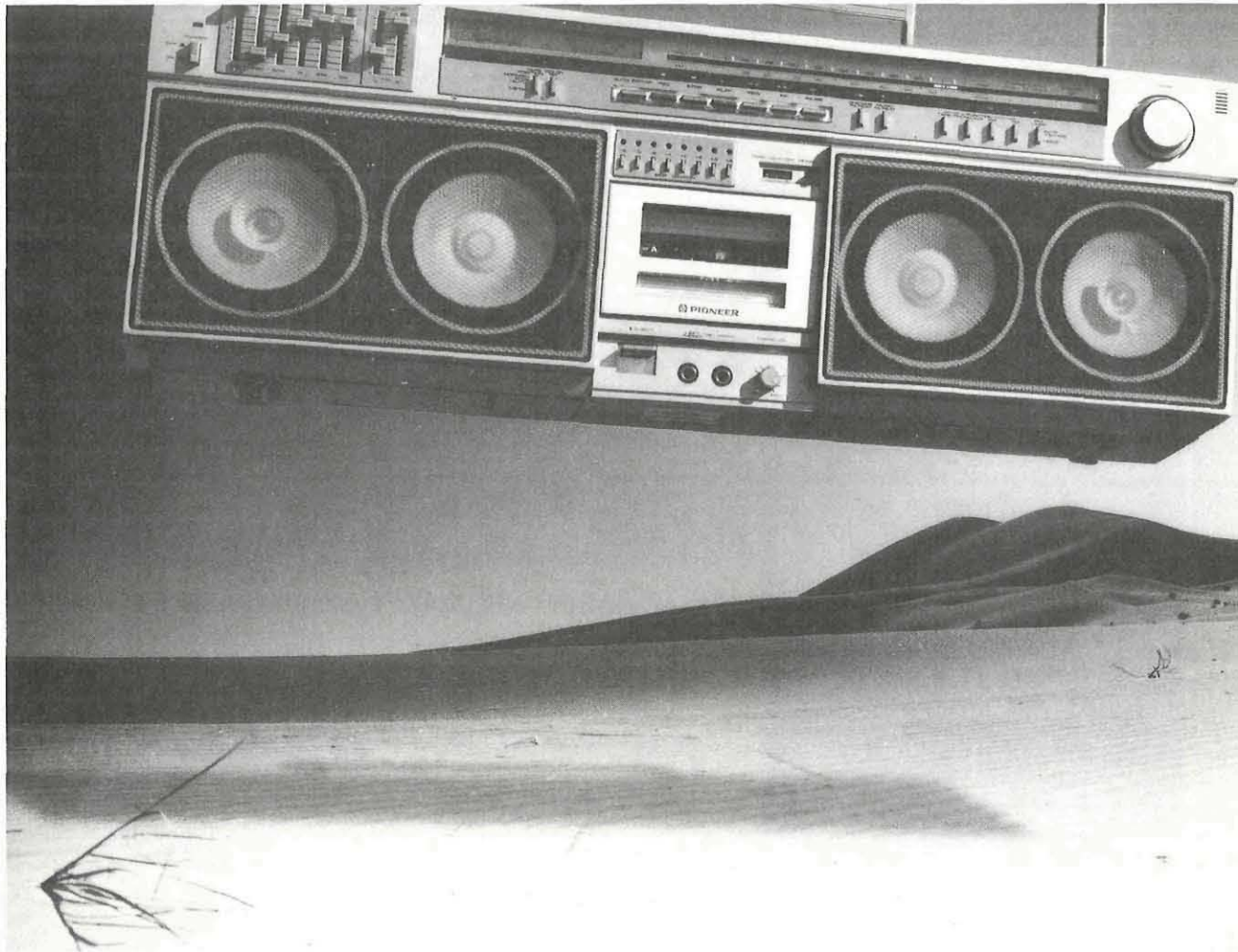
moppet, a girl of no more than four or five years, attempted a few feeble dribbles and proudly asked Marvin if he thought she could ever play on his team when she grew up. Eyeing the pig-tailed tyke with glee, "Bad News" Barnes chuckled and responded carefully, "No, but I'd sure like to get a blowjob from you in ten years..."

ALL-STAR SHORTSTOP PEE WEE REESE, a master of the glove as well as the hickory, once had a hard time of it in his chosen profession at San Francisco's famed Candlestick Park. He repeatedly flubbed the most innocent of grounders struck in his direction. However, the Wee Man retained his sense of humor, commenting, "Christ, who'd want to bend over in this city?" Veteran scribes

rightly interpreted the remark as a jibe at the city's notorious homosexual population, well known for fucking each other in the ass.

A FORMER HIGH-SCHOOL BUDDY OF Muhammad Ali found himself seated on the same dais as the champ at a chicken 'n' chives fund-raising bash for the Red Cross in hometown Louisville, Kentucky. Ali stood up and proceeded to deliver a long, rambling speech, and totally ignored his old pal, who silently fumed. After the feast, the chagrined friend came to Ali in a huff and demanded to know why he had been snubbed. Ali paused for a second, then chuckled and laughed, "Ezra, it wasn't that I wanted to put you down. You see,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)



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Shooting Stars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)
the mail a spanking-new submachine gun. The campaign is called—what else?—"Get a sub for a sub." ...D'ya love it?

Puerto Rican revolutionary group FALN branching out, producing and distributing new dessert foods. First product, geared for the Latin market, is Spanish custard—to be called "FALN Flan."

A slap on the terror-wrist to: The Irish Republican Army, for not letting that grand old Blarney Stone **James Cagney** throw out the first grenade of the new Northern Ireland battle season. Said IRA activist **Bernadette Devlin**, "We

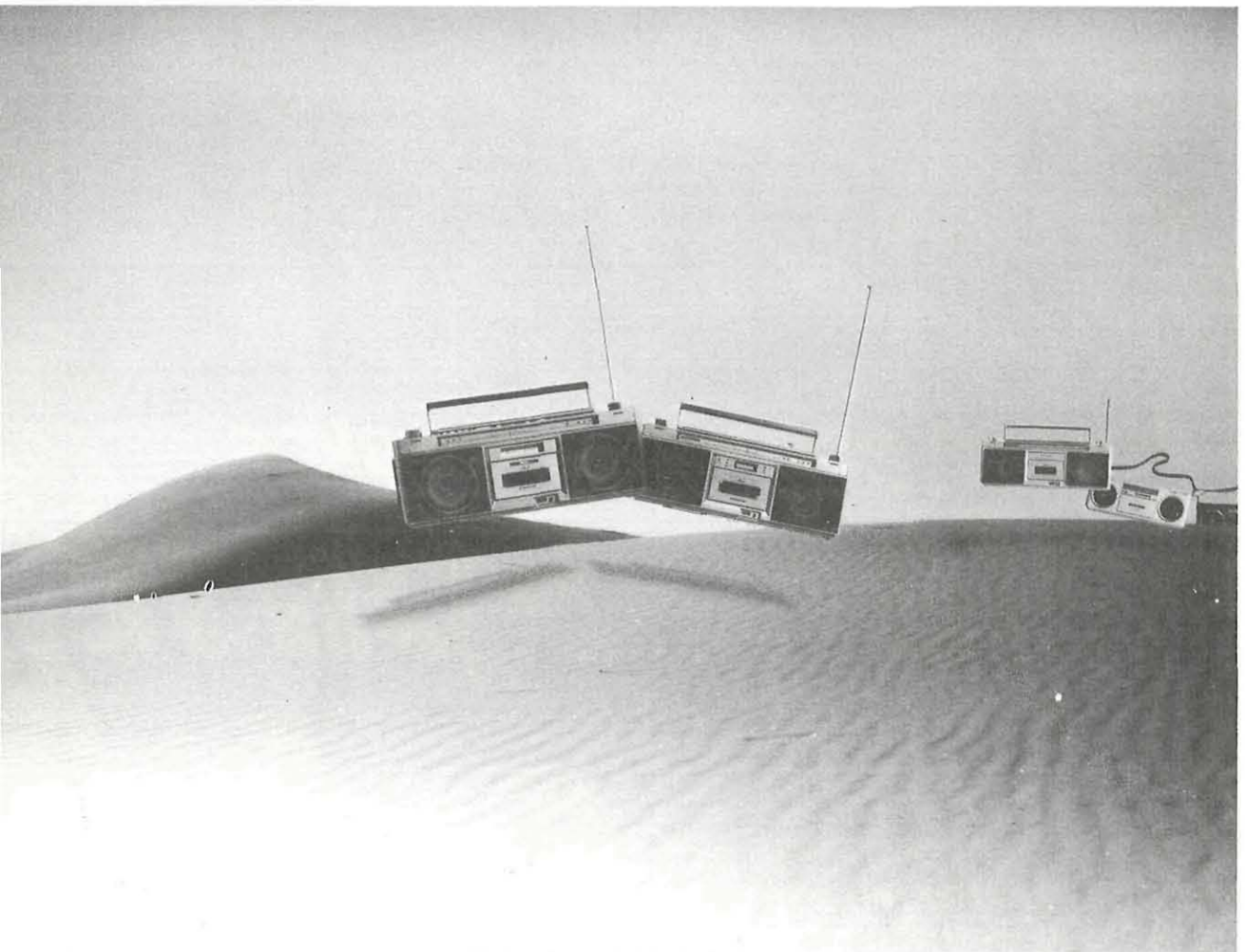
have a policy not to demean our cause by allowing entertainers to get involved in the ceremonies of our revolution." We reminded Bernadette that Mr. Cagney has played proud Irish-Americans throughout his distinguished acting career, and even appeared as an Irish nationalist during the Easter Rebellion in *Shake Hands with the Devil*... Let's make an exception here. Boo on you, Bernadette!

Remember to write us for free bumper stickers: HONK TWICE IF YOU PACK A .30-CAL. M-1 CARBINE and I BRAKE FOR PEDESTRIANS. SOMETIMES.

G. Gordon Liddy says he's disgusted with all the pacifist backlash against guns. "As far as I'm concerned," says the convicted Watergate conspirator, "guns don't kill people. People kill guns." Re-

ferring with pride to his own impressive collection, he explained, "If more people knew how to care for them, you wouldn't see the kind of damage done to barrels, pins, and chambers that mars the integrity of these beautiful instruments."

Last, but not least, our Horatio Alger Award of the month goes to **Edwin Wilson**, who left behind a low-paying CIA job to make a better life for himself. He's opened up his own business in Tripoli, supplying Libya and other Third World nations with such staples as guns, poisons, and explosives. A regular entrepreneur, Ed's already branching out by establishing Wilson's House of Hits, a chain of explosives-and-records stores, throughout greater Beirut, Tehran, and Baghdad. ■



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TIME OF THE MONTH

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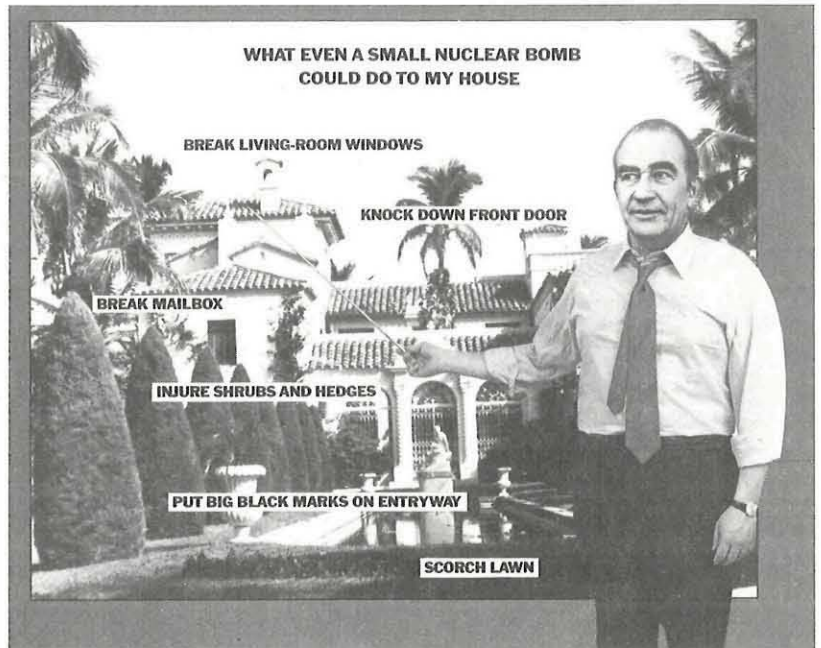
Building the Case for Nuclear Disarmament

*Famous celebrities reveal
what nuclear war might do to
their houses*

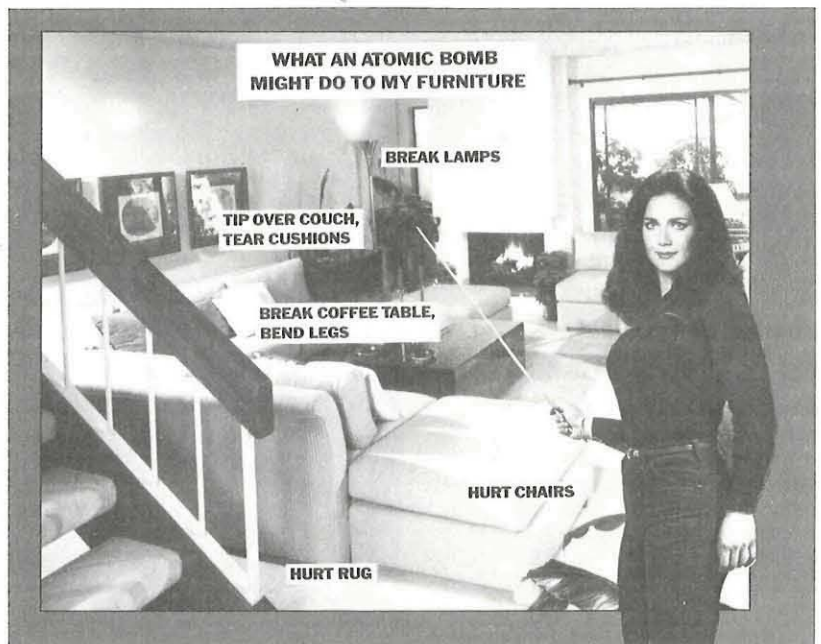
JOINED TOGETHER FOR THE first time in their professional careers, Ed Asner and Lynda Carter strode, unsmiling and resolute, to center stage, as an audience of 20,000 in Los Angeles's Griffith Park rose to their feet and pumped their fists into the air. "Lynda and I are here today," Asner began tersely, "because we're afraid of nuclear war." There was a long pause; Asner tipped his head and fixed his eyes sidelong on the crowd. "I wonder how many of you comprehend," he continued, "the true destructive force of a nuclear bomb."

Then, as the audience sat chilled and still, Asner and his coc celebrity unveiled large visuals of their own houses and described what would happen to them if a ten-kiloton device were exploded several miles away. "I figure my house would get a lot of damage," Asner said. "I might have to move out, since there would probably be so many repairmen all over the place, getting in the way. I suppose I'd rent a temporary place, or maybe even buy one if the repairs were going to take a long time. I could keep the latter, of course, as a rental property after I move out of it and back in to my old house. Or maybe I would just close it up and use it as a getaway home for weekends and summers. This is something I'd have to decide after the nuclear attack, when I would have a better idea of my specific needs."

Lynda Carter's projection was quite



Celebrity Ed Asner's "scenario of destruction."



Lynda Carter's living-room furniture might be toppled and, in many cases, broken.

different from Asner's, but no less disturbing. "I believe a nuclear explosion of the size we're talking about would be terrible for a whole lot of my furniture, especially some of the older and more rustic pieces that you have to be kind of careful with even when you're just moving them around to clean. I suppose the major decision I'd have to make after an attack is whether to replace these pieces or restore them. I know a man in Beverly Hills who's just about the best restorer there is, so I might at least take the one-of-a-kind things to him, unless he's killed, in which case I'd probably have to go with brand-new—I mean brand-new for me, but not necessarily brand-new like modern from a showroom. I think I'm still too much of an antique-y person to redo the whole house in modern. Like Ed, I'll have to wait until after the attack to see how I really feel!" ■

GAMES AND RELIGIONPLAY

On the Pagan Fields of Africa

Athletes aren't born, they're bought

SAVVY ALUMNI, HABITUAL GAMBLERS, and other aficionados of intercollegiate sports are anticipating runaway victories in football, basketball, and track by America's Catholic universities this season.

The reason? Five generations of Catholic schoolchildren have been donating their lunch money to the Buy a Pagan Black Baby program. In every classroom in every parochial school in the land, nuns, priests, lay brothers, alcoholic bachelors, and ironclad spinsters—that is to say, the entire teaching staffs—have been collecting nickels, dimes, and quarters for the African missions.

The missions, however, provide more than the simple shelter, food, and religious training officially described, for they are, in reality, the bulwark of a sophisticated, top-secret athletic breeding ground, established to train lean, strong, swift, and devout rosary-rattling Zulus for NCAA competition in the U.S.

"Although the program was slow to mature," says one source close to the church, "tens of thousands of pagan babies acquired over the years are all grown up now—all seven feet, three hundred and ten pounds of them—



Pagan baby Mbo Zwimabwa Zmbo is all grown up now and, according to the sports information director at Notre Dame, every bit worth the fifteen dollars donated to raise and train him.

ready to blow every born-again cracker, milk-fed Mormon, and even ghetto-honed American Negro right out of the stadium."

And there's more where that came from. Catholic universities have never been satisfied with mere athletic supremacy. They have a tradition of academic excellence to uphold as well, and the century-old Buy a Pagan Black

Baby program is about to pay off too in the field of intellectual endeavor.

Look for a remarkable upswing in private-foundation and government grants to the pure- and applied-science departments of those same Catholic schools, to underwrite the fantastic scholastic achievements of an army of Chinese-born physicists and math whizzes. ■

SCIENCEOLOGY

New Evidence Supports "Wheezing Universe" Theory

THE DISCOVERY, IN 1913, RIPpled through astronomy like a whirlpool in moondustry—unmistakable evidence that the universe is expanding, with galaxies flying away from each other like spots on a balloon that is being inflated. Scientists have long wondered, however, if the universe

would ever stop expanding, and contract again. This is precisely what is going to happen, according to Dr. Alex Nelester, noted Princeton astronomer. But this doesn't bode very well for the universe, he says.

"My latest equations, based on the newest spectroscopic data," he explained, "indicate that the universe is alternately expanding and contracting, but each expansion and contraction is a little weaker than the last one. In other words, the universe is wheezing. I think it's sick."

Nelester detailed his findings at a hushed conference of astronomers and cosmologists. "I guess it's to be expected," he said. "After all, the universe is fifteen billion years old. That's awfully old, and sooner or later it had to start showing the signs. There's the much publicized 'red shift' of light from the stars—the universe becoming blood-shot. Galaxies that used to be smooth



Wrinkled and sagging.

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Autopsy-Turvy in Tinseltown

The morgue, the merrier

DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI, HOLLYWOOD's famous "coroner to the stars" has long been criticized for the sloppy techniques and sensationalism surrounding his celebrity autopsies, but last month he went too far. Following a coroner's study he made by telephone from the golf course of L.A.'s Hillcrest Country Club, Noguchi informed reporters that California archbishop Francis O'Malley had died, from a combination of "herpes, hookers, heroin, and homosexuality." Archbishop O'Malley, who had not died at all, irately demanded that Noguchi leave his job. So, Thomas Noguchi is stepping down—and stepping out! The coroner to the stars will soon become "star of the coroners" in his upcoming ABC variety special, "The Thomas Noguchi Show."

This will be Noguchi's first venture into show business, but he'll be backed by a galaxy of professionals, including the Grateful Dead, the late William Holden, and George Burns. Noguchi also appears in a comedy sketch as an overzealous coroner trying to scare up business in a nursing home; co-starring with him will be Tim Conway and Harvey Korman, as the corpses who can't keep from laughing. But the show's heartstopper promises to be the "Abracadaver" spot, in which Noguchi dons wizard's garb, magically saws a dead woman in half, and then buries the pieces.

MEDICINE

New Drug on the Loose

Vamoose, vamoose!

IT IS AN UNASSUMING-LOOKING drug. A fine, gray powder, indistinguishable from ordinary pepper, except that it doesn't make you sneeze when it gets in your nose. Yet its results are terrifying: one hit will turn a normal, healthy adult into a total sleazebag.

and beautiful are becoming wrinkled and saggy. And the universe definitely doesn't have as much energy as it used to. The law of conservation of energy just doesn't apply to old folks, as many of us at this conference sadly know."

Nelester sighed. "I guess it's partly the universe's own fault. It could have been

a little less wild when it was young. Creating all those suns and pulsars and quasars—didn't it know it would have to pay the price someday? Why couldn't it be satisfied with one or two galaxies? No, it had to have billions. I guess that's the way youth is. But now it has to pay the price."

PHENOMENONEMA

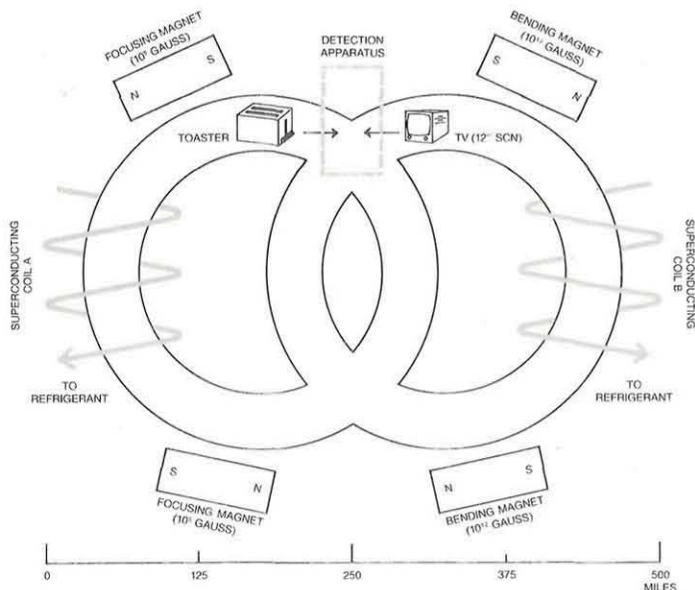
Intersecting Appliance Rings Yield First Results

...And they are smashing

IRONICALLY, SCIENTISTS, IN THEIR attempts to probe the very smallest constituents of matter, have had to turn to ever larger devices. Popularly known as "atom smashers," or "intersecting storage rings," these colossal structures often snake out over miles of countryside. Using complex electric and magnetic fields, they accelerate the basic particles of matter—protons, elec-

trons. According to Alinbar, "We wondered what would happen if instead of smashing little things, we smashed really big things." This required the largest "smasher" ever built, he explained, but now, after eighteen years of labor and a cost of billions, the mammoth device has been finished, and preliminary results are in.

"We didn't want to start off too big."



How "intersecting appliance rings" work.

trons—to near the speed of light. The particles, flying in opposite directions, then smash into each other, their enormous energy of motion converting itself into a shower of new particles, which scientists can detect and study. Whole catalogs of unexpected atomic particles have been discovered in this way, including such esoteric entities as the positron and the muon.

Now a new twist has been added to the process by Dr. Loren Alinbar of the Institute for Advanced Studies at

Princeton. According to Alinbar, "We wondered what would happen if instead of smashing little things, we smashed really big things." This required the largest "smasher" ever built, he explained, but now, after eighteen years of labor and a cost of billions, the mammoth device has been finished, and preliminary results are in.

"We didn't want to start off too big,"

explains Alinbar, "so we began by accelerating two baseballs near the speed of light and smashing them into each other. The results were fascinating shreds that we call 'ballons.' Next we tried a toaster and a twelve-inch portable television, and, after that, a 1977 Mercury Capri and a souped-up '56 Chevrolet. Our detectors registered thousands of new particles as a result: even the most experienced scientists on the project had never seen any of them before. We call them 'carons.'"

The drug—known on the street as “assholeo,” “scum flakes,” and “sleaze sneeze”—was synthesized in 1971, from chemicals found in the blood of a real-estate agent. The narcotic’s inventor, Dr. Jay Weinstein, accidentally ingested a triple dose of the chemical, and then, suddenly, “everything went black.” When he regained control of himself, Weinstein discovered that, under the influence of the drug, he had stolen his best friend’s girl, gotten his father fired



Even a small dose of assholeo can result in terrible physical changes, as these before-and-after photos reveal.

from his job, and earned a law degree.

Yet, despite such horrifying incidents, the chemical remains popular among young advertising executives, show-business personalities, car salesmen, and the like. The side effects are clearly visible. Addicts will become careful and tidy about their personal appearance, often coming to work in nothing more than three-piece suits. And, all the while, they will mumble garbled, incoherent phrases, like “Your check is in the mail” or “That secret is safe with me.” Drug-enforcement authorities, who are constantly on the lookout for these symptoms, report that assholeo addiction is currently the third fastest increasing American health problem, after VD and Pac-Man Fever. ■

BOXES AND AMUSEMENT

Humoring the Soviets

*Is it bigger than a Red box?
Not likely*

IN 1956, DURING NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV’S historic visit to the United States, President Eisenhower presented the Soviet premier with a piece of American folk humor that he had purchased in a gag shop. It was a small cardboard box labeled SOMETHING FOR THE BALDING MAN...; inside was a pocket comb with all the teeth removed. Khrushchev roared with laughter at the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

Photographs: Kate Gallagher, Globe

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

joke, the first he had ever encountered. Years later, at the height of the Cuban Missile Crisis, President Kennedy sent Khrushchev another novelty box, this one labeled MERE WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS MY FEELINGS FOR YOU... The box contained a small plastic hand, giving "the finger." JFK's message was firm, even harsh, but the fine, store-bought joke helped ease tensions considerably. Khrushchev was able to laugh off the whole crisis, and the next day he removed the missiles from Cuba.

Since that time, the gag-shop novelty box has become Russia's leading source of humor. Every night, millions of Soviet citizens spend their leisure hours merrily opening and closing their American-made boxes, purchased at the cost of two months salary. Thousands more flee the USSR each year to come to the United States, the "land



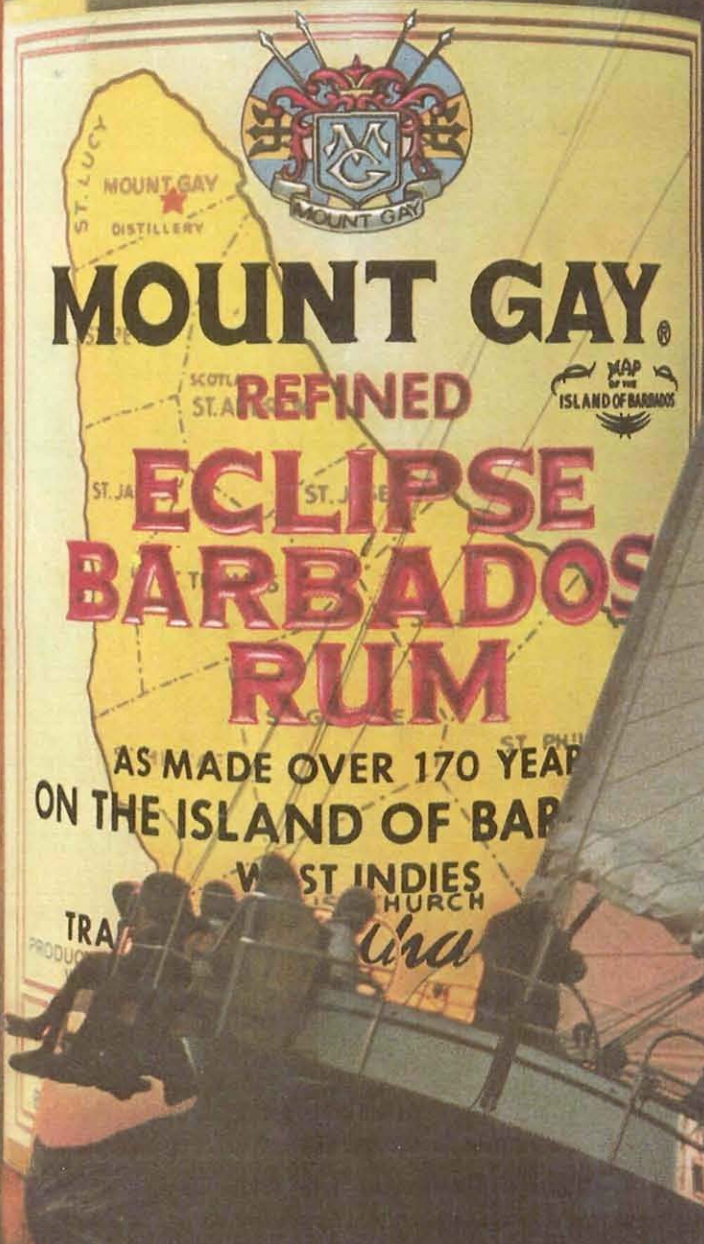
The sleek American novelty box, left, and, beside it, Russia's much cruder joke.

with a laugh in every package." These novelty items have also served as the basis for Russia's top-rated comedy hour, "What Is in the Box?" Every month, the show's host, popular Soviet comic "Sneezy" Pudvoshkin, reads the labels on five boxes, displays the contents, and then explains the jokes to his viewers.

While the Russians' enjoyment of these funny boxes shows no sign of ending, their dependence on the U.S. for the novelty items does. After two decades of research and development, the Soviets have come up with a joke of their own. It is a forty-pound cubic box, made of sheet tin, measuring two feet on a side; on its lid is stenciled IN HERE YOU WILL BE FINDING A THING WHICH IS RESEMBLING YOU TOO MUCH. Inside the box is a dead rat. The joke has already been ruled by the Soviet Presidium as the "funniest joke ever." ■

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T. C., Sean Kelly, Mike Reiss, Al Jean, and Ed Subitzky.

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pleasure!

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Newport

*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Foto Funnies

MY ANALYST IS A STRICT FREUDIAN. IF YOU DON'T START TO MAKE ANY PROGRESS, HE FORCES YOU TO REUPHOLSTER HIS COUCH.



THERE, ARE YOU CONVINCED?

GOSH, I'M STILL NOT SURE.



THEN, HOW'S THIS? ETERNAL TORMENT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF YOU HAD ONE OF THOSE BIG-SCREEN TV'S. I GUESS MY NEUROSES COME FROM MY EARLY EDUCATION—I TOOK THE FRANZ KAFKA ASSERTIVENESS TRAINING COURSE. I'VE SPENT MUCH OF MY LIFE IN A QUEST FOR COSMIC UNDERSTANDING, BUT I'D SETTLE FOR SOME RYE BREAD THAT DIDN'T HAVE THOSE LITTLE SEEDS THAT GET IN YOUR TEETH.



NOW WILL YOU COME TO BED WITH ME?



WELL, OKAY...



...IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE WOODY ALLEN.



Fun Tales

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)
with all the punches I've taken, sometimes I don't even know who I am." Cackling uncontrollably now, Ali confided, "I gots brain damage real bad."

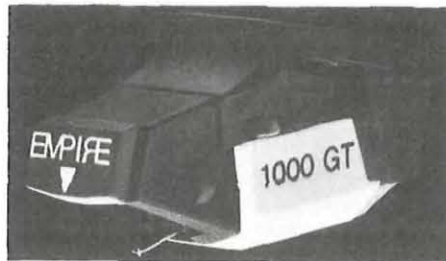
WOMEN'S BASKETBALL STAR NANCY Lieberman and reigning tennis queen and Czech defector Martina Navratilova recently decided to share a house together. "to cut living expenses." When queried as to how the arrangement was working out, the doughty Ms. Lieberman replied, "Very well. Oh, we have our little girlish squabbles. I guess you could say it's an on-and-off type of thing." "Da," rejoined Marvelous Martina, with a twinkle in her formerly fat eyes. "I'm on her and off her all night long."

AFTER LONG TOIL IN THE SO-CALLED fried-chicken circuit of the old Negro leagues, erstwhile dusky fireballer Satchel Paige finally got his shot in the majors. When asked by an earnest young reporter about the difference between the two, ol' Satch thought for a second before proudly responding, "Here I get lots o' white pussy."

Satch could never be found at a loss for words. Once, his fun-loving redneck teammates decided to rib the man they affectionately referred to as "that old nigger." Since by law the lovable Satch was forced to room alone, the wisecracking darky's teammates had no difficulty sneaking into his quarters and placing a one-hundred-pound swordfish in the middle of his bed while Mr. Paige was busy making his nightly run for codeine and malt liquor at the local pharmacy. They laughed with glee as the delightful ol' Satch ambled in and snorted playfully. "It smells like a big cunt in here."

CHARLES "CHUCKLES" MANSON, THE justly famed psychotic killer, was once asked to play softball for the local prison team. Manson proved a most adroit fielder and possessed a rifle arm, but he just couldn't seem to pass muster when wielding the bat. His opponents quickly dubbed him "Easy Out." "C'mon, Charlie, kill the ball!" his teammates importuned, as Manson strode into the batter's box. With these words in mind, "Easy" took a called strike and then, removing the horseshoe from the startled catcher's glove, proceeded to beat the hell out of it with his Alcatraz Slugger. "I'd have slit the fuckin' ball's throat if I had a knife," revealed Manson before he was gagged and cuffed

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and once more led away for an extended period of solitary confinement.

WHEN NOLAN RYAN WAS PLAYING Triple-A ball, the overpowering but erratic southpaw roomed with a fellow pitcher who also experienced control problems. Both men had extreme difficulty in getting their fiery missiles across the plate. One day their pitching coach, "Suds" Lonigan, ambled over and asked if the two were still virgins. The flustered duo shuffled their feet and mumbled their "no"s. "Well, for Christ's sake," asked the exasperated adviser, "how many tries did it take before you got it in her hole?"

LARGE AND UGLY HEAVYWEIGHT boxer Earnie Shavers regaled listeners with personal anecdotes at a press conference after he had demolished an unworthy opponent. "After I whups someone, I likes to get me a big meal," commented the man no one would like to meet in a bad neighborhood. A cub reporter broke up the grizzled press corps by asking, "Yeah? How many bananas do you have, you big ape?" before fleeing for his life.

BABE RUTH, PERHAPS THE MAN FOR whom the phrase "conspicuous con-

sumption" was coined, had a heart almost as big as that famous bloated belly stuffed with food. His quiet teammate and friend Lou "The Iron Horse" Gehrig contracted a rare bone malady, and the Yankees staged a heartfelt tribute to the slugging Dutchman in their stadium. Just before the grievously ill Gehrig stepped to the microphone to acknowledge the adulation of the vast throng, Babe turned to his old comrade and whispered, "I bet they name the disease after you, you little cocksucker."

LARRY BIRD GENTLY KIDDED ALL-star Julius Erving while entertaining on-lookers at a Tip-ins for Tots basketball clinic/dinner dance at New York City's famed Madison Square Garden. "You know, Julius," exclaimed the tousle-haired Indiana State alum, "I don't know why you even bother, I'm younger than you, a better shooter and rebounder, and the league's MVP. What do you have that I don't?" "Doctor J." amused the fans in attendance by quipping, "How about a big black sausage 'twixt your legs, farm boy?"

GOALIE JIM CRAIG RECEIVED THE cheers of a nation after the 1980 Winter Olympic Games at Lake Placid when the U.S. hockey team, youthful and in-

experienced, took the gold, to the dismay of the veteran Russian icemen. The plucky goaltender was noted for never wearing a protective face mask during his stint in the net for his medal-minded teammates. After a brief career in the NHL, Craig found himself demoted to the Boston Bruins farm team in Erie, Pennsylvania. When asked why he now utilizes headgear, the deeply troubled net guardian replied, "I'm afraid someone will recognize me."

JIMMY PIERSALL, A WELL-RESPECTED outfielder for several big-league teams, was also an insane paranoid-schizophrenic with a violent streak as wide as the Grand Canyon. Shortly after a well-publicized incident in which the nutty Piersall charged into the stands after a heckling bleacher bum, his Chicago White Sox held their annual bat day. The manager gently chided Piersall, noting, "You'd better be careful out there, Jimbo. They came armed today." "I'll poke your eyes out with a stick," returned the star sickie.

DUANE BOBICK, GLASS-JAWED FORMER "Great White Hope" of boxing's heavyweight division, gave an inspiring speech to a group of youngsters suffering from muscular dystrophy. After the affair was over, the soon-to-be-washed-up puncher lamented, "Why do they call it *muscular* dystrophy? These kids look like a bunch of wimps in wheel-chairs to me."

UNKNOWN TO MANY BASEBALL BUFFS, the bearded Cuban dictator Fidel Castro was in his youth once given a tryout as an outfielder by the old Washington Senators of the American League. Unfortunately his student visa expired and the forlorn Fidel had to take the long bus home to Havana. When asked years later how world history would have been changed if the clubbin' Cuban had made the team, the former manager quipped, "It wouldn't have changed anything worth a bird's pecker. The Yankees had the league title all sewed up that year."

AN UNKNOWN, THREE-YEAR-OLD filly named Yojimbo George captured the Santa Anita Derby, one of the biggest races of the year on the road to the roses that ends at the finish line of the Kentucky Derby. "Boy, that horse was a real 'sleeper,'" commented one railbird, alluding to the high odds posted for the entry. "Yeah, she should have been named Phyllis George," cracked another fan, alluding to the lovely female sportscaster's predilection for hopping into bed with anything that registers a pulse.

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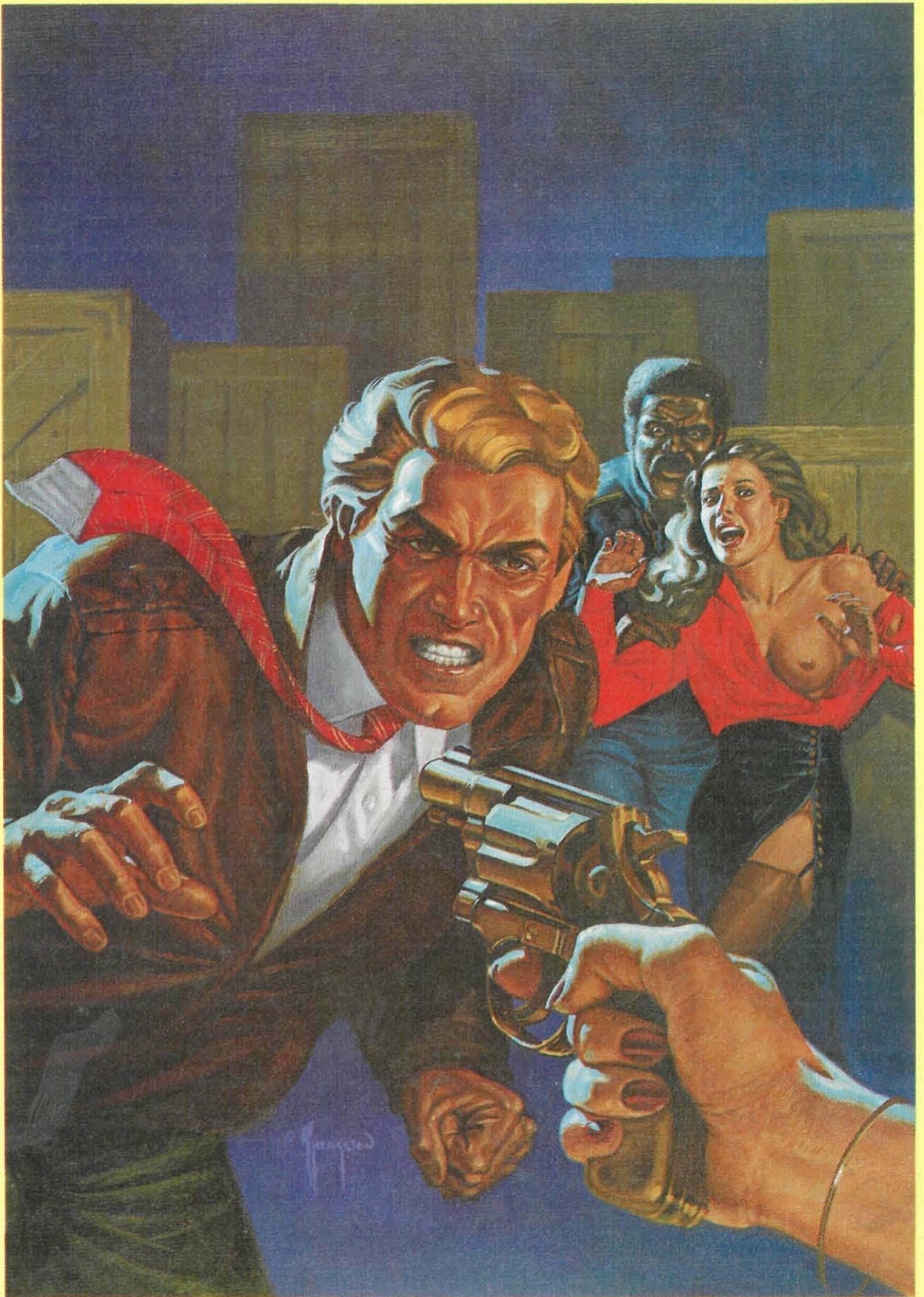
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THE ROYAL FOUR-FLUSHERS, OR WHEELCHAIR FURY

BY KEVIN CURRAN

THE MIKE SEAMUS SERIES OF sports-adventure books follows the travels of a private jock on the trail of athlete action across the country. Whether searching for corruption in the seedy, neonized world of boxing promotion (*The Don King Inquiry*) or checking out the tawdry blackmail of shy black superstar Hank Aaron (*The Hall of Fame Frame-up*), Seamus does a headfirst slide into danger that gives readers around the world something to stand up and cheer about. Stripped of the Gold Jock of the Federal Bureau of Sports Investigation, Seamus fights a lonely battle for truth in a little game called Life, where the big leagues mean big bucks and honesty is often as hard to find as a library in a locker room. From Russian submarines to rushing leaders of the NFL, the world of Mike Seamus offers no time-out from action.

“THE HANDY KAPPAS WELCOME THE Handicapped” read one of the banners painted by the friendly girls of a local sorority at the College of Las Vegas. The driver of the limo squeezed by an aging Ford Granada with Oklahoma plates that contained a numb late-forties couple and three screaming kids, and pulled to the front of fabulous Caesars Palace, where Princess Caroline of Monaco and Mike Seamus exited from their air-conditioned oasis into a staggering blast of mid-August desert air. Seamus usually didn’t like protection assignments, but the holes in his Nikes and the bills in the desk drawer convinced him that this was one he couldn’t turn down. The last case hadn’t paid enough to darn a jockstrap, and there was an ex-figure-skating queen who’d buried her blades in him a while back in a contest that had eventually ended up as a loss in the marriage division. She looked in the mailbox for monthly checks the way a guy 3 and 0 at the plate looks for the hard one down the middle. He couldn’t afford another charity exhibition at the moment.

Besides acting as official escort for the gum-snapping princess at the Monte Carlo Circus of the Animals Salute to Handicapped Athletes, Seamus served as unofficial bodyguard. People don’t generally figure the throners to have many problems other than what servant to let go for no reason. Sure, you don’t have to worry about chipping a dish or making a car payment as much as the rest of the world, but there’s more to it than cotillions and killing time. A

lot of crazies want a piece of you, and that's enough to send a chill running up and down anyone's scepter.

His close connections to the royal family of Monaco made Seamus a logical choice. Seamus first ran into Princess Grace back in the days when he was tearing up the turf as a fullback for the Beverly Hills Blue Diamonds. She was breaking hearts all over America as Grace Kelly, a touch of cool aristocracy in the mud puddle of morals called Tinseltown, whose bedroom shenanigans made locker-room material look like a spinster's knitting class in the church basement. They'd huddled awhile when Seamus was an extra on the set of *Dial M for Murder*, and had called a few plays together afterward. Grace loved the colorful prancing outsized animals and the sober-minded pedantic audio-animatronic Lincoln during their adventures at Disneyland. "La, how gay," she would pronounce of Orange County's gift to friends 'round the world as she gripped the twin poles of the "Electricity—Nature's Cure-all" display in the arcade, causing her eyes to flutter rapidly and her breath to deepen as the unnatural surge of current coursed through her hands until the point where she suffered a satisfying temporary blackout.

Since then they'd crossed paths a few times on the diamonds-and-tennis circuit, sharing a Campari or two with Bjorn or Vitas or Chris, while her charming husband, dapper Prince Rainier, pulled down his sun visor and snoozed on the sprightly wicker hammock so oddly beloved of the largely inbred (though always well-tailored)

royal House of Grimaldi.

Caroline, as well as being favored by her mother's fair looks, inherited her mother's sense of adventure. As a child she was said to delight in carefully forming foot-high whipped-cream bunnies and leaving them all over the house, clapping her hands with glee as a servant stopped and cursed when coming upon a foamy friend on chair or sofa. The dissolution of her marriage to noted international scumball Philippe Junot was said to have hardened something within the girl. It was rumored that she had become fond of filling trunks full of bricks and ordering the servants, "Carry them until you drop." And of regularly booby-trapping the sleeping quarters of the ladies-in-waiting. When Seamus forthrightly asked her about this, he was pleased to learn that, as often as not, these delightfully constructed devices would release a sprig of flowers or a favorite box of chocolates instead of the standard loud screaming siren or tubful of old bathwater. "It depends on my mood," giggled Caroline.

AT THE COCKTAIL PARTY THAT EVENING, all the guests arrived in Mercedes wheelchairs, to simulate what life would be like in the numb-leg circuit, and most checked these at the door. It certainly did seem like a bad deal, so when Caroline said, "If I were a cripple, I think I'd puke, or maybe just sit in my room—I mean, gross!" Seamus couldn't disagree.

Caroline was fond of most things that involved a party, a laugh, or a joke, and this was no exception. Funnyman

Buddy Hackett thrilled the jaded group by whirling around in circles in his wheelchair, just to stir the ice in his drink. Cher arrived in a gown bedecked with dozens of tiny whistling sponge giraffes, to the delight of some and the chagrin of others. Senator Hayakawa of California curled up by the fireside and delighted onlookers by giving a cheery recitation, move by move, of a game of Battleship he had played with his seven-year-old nephew a while back.

At six three, Seamus could easily see over the fast-drinking crowd to the balding pate of pal Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback, who looked more uneasy holding a drink and dressed up in a monkey suit than if he'd just found out that his offensive line for the next year was to be composed of miniature Shetland ponies. He found himself cornered, by a society matron with blue tinted hair, against a window where the fading desert sunset could be seen competing against the bursts of thousands of dazzling electric lights for the crowd's attention. Soon the sun would exhaust itself and give the tag to its weak sister, the moon, who didn't belong in the same arena for this type of action.

Seamus had done some work for the Steelers organization a few years ago. Following a 38-to-7 drubbing of the pathetic Bert Jones-less Baltimore Colts, an altercation had broken out between four Steelers and members of a marching band from Allegheny State. The frisky Steelers, in the words of the deposition,

(a) committed assault against several members of the tuba, trombone, and other brass-section players by removing their chin straps and forcing their funny furry hats over their eyes, proceeding to label them "shitheads" and "marching fucks," then spinning them around indiscriminately so that they would weave and crash into one another, and

(b) did shame and humiliate several columns of pom-pom girls, who never asked to be born into this world in the first place, through wholesale pawing of perky breast and buttock.

The case had never come to court. The judge, a Steelers ticketholder himself, realized that society had been done no serious harm, when Seamus came to him with several incriminating taped conversations between His Honor and his twenty-one-year-old mistress, a girl of good family attending a local stewardess institute. It didn't leave you with a great feeling inside, but that's pro biz, and if you wanted to play in the big leagues, you had to know the score from yard one. Or else you might as

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STEVE GARVEY'S

BATTING TIPS



LOVERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Steve wrote this article before the Good Ship Garvey ventured into the more perilous reaches of the matrimonial seas. We're sure sorry about it and all, Steve, and, heck, life must be tough without Cindy, but we do have a magazine to put out, and we couldn't find anyone who could pinch-hit for you. Maybe you can be your own best coach and pick up a few pointers here yourself. And if you ever want to come by the office, well, we can go out to a bar (there's a nice Japanese one close by), knock a few down, and talk things over, maybe try to help you get your life back in order. Okay, Slugger? Way to go.*

I ntroduction

HI, TEAMMATES.

Guys around the big leagues always used to ask me how I did it. "Steve," kids "Mr. Jive," Mickey Rivers, "you've got more chicks hanging onto you than the Yankees got jockstraps." "You might be an all-star in the majors, but you've still got a lot going in the *bush* leagues," chortles Willie "Steel City" Stargell, nudging me painfully in the ribs. "That

Garvey sure bats a thousand with the ladies," cackles the ol' perferesser himself, Casey Stengel, when contacted by Ouija board.

I'm not the kind of guy who likes to poke and tell, but it's all true. And how. Although now I'm the most happily married first baseman on the field, I still remember a few tricks from the old days that I'm more than willing to pass on to see that you fans get out of the dugout and up there taking your swings at the plate.

Sex is a lot like baseball. There are winners and there are losers. You can "strike out" at either, or knock one out of the park. Your "signals" can "get crossed," or you can get the "go-ahead."



When Cheryl and I dated, she used to love to dress up in my uniform, pretend she was "Catfish" Hunter, and try to strike me out by lobbing jelly beans underhanded as I stood on the bed. You can guess what I used for a bat.

In one arena you can earn the praise and envy of thousands, in the other you can stick your dork into a warm crack or cream all over her face. The list of similarities is endless.

A Viennese old-timer by the name of "Doc" Sigmund Freud once asked, "What do women want?" Well, I can answer that. They want Steve Garvey. But, if you practice my moves, you can start to feel that special Steve Garvey power, and maybe if you stop slouching and cut your hair right, you can look more like me, too. And that could make all the difference in the world between a bunt single (knee-fondling road rats who look like Tommy Lasorda) and a Ballantine blast into the upper deck (hardball sexing with Miss Cute Fox, who can't get enough of your autographed Louisville Slugger).

Batter Up!

OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM, IT'S GIRL City. They're everywhere—in the stands, outside the stadium gates, in the press box, even hanging off the team bus, breasts a-bobbing and eyes afire. Often you will find them completely outside of organized baseball.

First Base

FOR ME, MEETING THE GASH USED TO be more frightening than being represented by a legal-aid lawyer at contract-negotiation time. I'd spy some red-hot Most Valuable Pussy prospect and really "muff" my chance for action, making a lot of boneheaded plays; you know, the dumb stuff all rookie nookie seekers mess up on—striking her out on three pitches on the first date, taunting her that she'd never learn to hit a curve ball, or laughing out loud because she threw like a girl. I was like some knock-kneed nobody sweating it trying to get the tying run home from third. Finally one little girl had the courage to say, "Steve, I wish we didn't have to play baseball on all our dates." That really knocked me into the dirt. Sure, I got mad at first and maybe slid in to her at second with my spikes a bit high, but after I picked her up off the ground and dusted her off, I got to thinking about what she had said. You know, there's a whole other world besides baseball. The very next week, I took the dish to a softball game, and we had a really great time. I still got to wear my uniform to

the game, and we laughed more than we ever had at how bad all the players were compared to me. Next thing you know, we were going to all different types of sporting events, and even took in a boat show or two. A little consideration can go a long way; treat a gal like you would your favorite glove—oil her regularly, and don't leave her outside in the rain.

Second Base

WELL, SLUGGER, YOU'VE MADE CONTACT and you're on your way. The girl you've selected swears okay and you're in the owner's box. Where do you go from here? Get to know the dumpling you're dating a little better. Ask her thoughtful, sincere questions, like if she has a middle name, and invite her to guess yours. Next I'd talk a little bit more about myself, my batting average over the last few years, the different legislation I'll introduce when I'm elected U.S. senator from California, how many Little Leaguers I'd like to see flip-

ping cards around the house. Then I'd take my stance and plant a high hard one right on those moist, luscious lips.

I have a pretty good sense of humor and use it to get a hot number laughing with me. Some "can't miss" ways of amusing an up-and-comer include unexpectedly throwing large objects, getting into impromptu towel fights, dousing her over the head with a bucket of water, and (if you really like her) rubbing Atomic Balm all over her bra and panties.

Even now that I've settled down, I still love to horse around with my lovely wife, Cindy. Last week, to my complete surprise, my dutiful spouse prepared a lavish, six-course, spicy Chinese meal. "Hey, Cin, what is this crap?" I asked with a merry twinkle in my eye as I plunked down my laundry on the table top. I then proceeded to enact a really cool imitation of a drunk Chinaman who keeps spilling all the food all over himself. The fact that two of our dinner guests were themselves Chinese added to the fun. Cindy laughed so hard she actually cried. All night long, in fact.

So keep it loose and lively and those makeout sessions should quickly head into extra innings.

Keep your eye steady and just get a piece of her. Blasting a girl 400 feet into the upper deck can't happen every time you come to the plate...



T hird Base

WHEN HE'S BEEN TONGUING TOUGH and has worked up a meaningful relationship with Miss Cutie Pie's left breast, a guy's mind turns to business. Are some runs going to be scored or is this another goose egg for your side? Is she going to fly out or put out? Your ol' hickory is doing the seventh-inning stretch about now, and he'd like the answer pretty darn soon.

It's time to put on a good performance here, and show a little fast talk coupled with quick moves. Remember, you're playing on her home field and you've got to make sure she's in your rooting section. Butter her up like doomsday; here are some of my all-time favorites:

"Do you know what you and a Big Mac have in common? Nice buns!"

"With breasts like those, why do you ever wear a blouse?"

"You sweat a lot less than Reggie Jackson. I was standing next to him

once and, boy, let me tell you, the man smells foul."

"Those ruby reds were made for blowjobs."

Of course, before you make the big move, you have been fast-pitching liquor down her throat for a while. A drunk babe is a happy babe, whether it's Babe Ruth or some bozette you've snagged at the five-and-dime. It loosens up their spirits and loosens up their bodies, so you'll be sure nothing gets stuck up there. Remember, as Harmon Killebrew, the clown prince of baseball, once wrote:

*For a real good time, give her a drink
The night will be lovely, moist, and pink*

Now that she's asking for it, it's time to practice your technique. Grip her as if you were about to throw a slider, two fingers across the seams, wrist loose, and save a special snap for the last moment.

Before you get any further into the inning, make sure all bases are covered. Only a minor leaguer would go in to this situation disregarding safety, and I don't mean a face mask and chest protector. Be sure to ask, as sensitively as possible, about whether or not she has

any communicable diseases. Birth control should be the responsibility of both parties—you to ask about it, her to take those pills regularly. Anything mechanical up there, like a coil or a sprocket, usually spells trouble, at least for this future Hall of Famer. There's just no telling where it's been. The cagey veteran always completes his scorecard with two or three "rubber teammates" in the wallet, just in case.

S lide!

SO FAR, SO GOOD, AND YOU'RE HEADING for home. But first take a moment to think about what you're doing. If she's the average girl that you've been slinging the bull to till bone time, then hats off, champ; now get right in there and start waving your bat around. But what if this is someone special, the girl of your dreams, that one-in-a-million all-star heartthrob that can take you all the way, down the stretch, year after year? Well, then I'd advise a quick "time out" for a conference on the mound.

I'd like to get a little personal here if I may. When I met Cindy at the Home Run Burger, I knew she was the one for me. Fifteen minutes later, with her panties down around her ankles and me about to step out of my cleats, a rush came over me like I'd just been beamed in the head by a Nolan Ryan fastball. I grunted with all the manly courage I could, "Cindy, I can't. I mean, I couldn't. I just respect you too darn much." Cindy understood almost at once. Her anguished animal pleas of "Steve, fuck me, fuck me, just fuck me, okay? Oh, fuck me, damn it, fuck me!" went on for a few minutes, but after I'd snapped the last button back on her waitress outfit, I saw an odd glint in her eye that I took for pride. I feel the same way now that we're married, respecting and caring for her so much that sometimes I won't touch her for days, or even weeks, during the season. And I reckon that's what true love is all about.

Best wishes in getting wood on it. Learn to handle the curves they throw you; watch out for the occasional screwball; and when you get your pitch, slam it out of sight. And don't forget, that real home-run feeling is spelled L-O-V-E. Love's a give-and-take kind of thing that you have to practice a lot. Last night, for example, Cindy dragged me along to see *The Sting* for the fifth time. She just goes crazy over the music. Hey, what's a guy to do?

See you on the field,
Steve Garvey

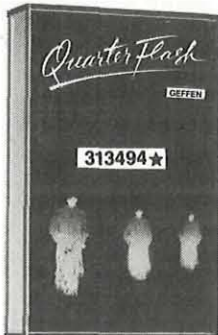
...But this time I got good wood on her and she sailed 440 feet to left center.



LOOK WHO'S IN THE



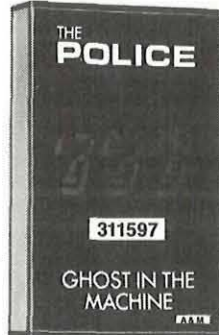
No. 1 album No. 1 song *Centerfold*, plus the hit title; *Rage In The Cage*; *Flamethrower*; more.



Smash *Find Another Fool*; Top 10 *Harden My Heart*; *Right Kind Of Love*; *Valerie*; more.



No. 1 album! Top 10 hit *We Got The Beat*; hit *Our Lips Are Sealed*; *Automatic*; more.



Top 10 album, Top 10 *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic*; smash *Spirits In... World*; etc.



"Album Of The Year"! Grammy-winner (*Just Like Starting Over*); *Woman*; etc.

- 312322 NEIL DIAMOND
NEIL DIAMOND
[COLUMBIA]
- 312314 CHICAGO'S
GREATEST HITS, VOL. 1
[COLUMBIA]
- 312306 THE CARS
SHAKE IT UP
[ELEKTRA]
- 311464 HANK WILLIAMS, JR.
THE PRESSURE IS ON
[ELEKTRA]
- 311456 BARRY MANILOW
If I Should Love Again
[A&M]
- 311423 LUTHER VANDROSS
NEVER TOO MUCH
[EPC]
- 310979 MEATLOAF
DEAD RINGER
[EPC]
- 310961 DEBBIE HARRY
KOOKOO
[CORTLAND]
- 310953 EDDIE RABBITT
STEP BY STEP
[ELEKTRA]
- 310946 SLIM WHITMAN
MR. SOGMAN
[EPC]
- 306225 AEROSMITH'S
GREATEST HITS
[COLUMBIA]
- 306001 CHEAP TRICK
ALL SHOCK UP
[EPC]
- 305631 LEO SAYER
Living In A Fantasy
[WARNER BROS.]
- 291203 The Doobie Brothers
Minute By Minute
[WARNER BROS.]
- 291021 SUPERTRAMP
Breakfast In America
[A&M]
- 288332 BILLY JOEL
52ND STREET
[COLUMBIA]
- 287003 EAGLES
1971-1975
Their Greatest Hits
[A&M]
- 308324 DINE STRAITS
MAKING MOVIES
[WARNER BROS.]
- 306449 REO SPEEDWAGON
HI INFIDELITY
[EPC]
- 306563 Barry Manilow
BARRY
[A&M]
- 305971 BOZ SCAGGS
GREATEST HITS
[COLUMBIA]
- 309047 STARS ON
LONG PLAY
[EPC]
- 309120 OZZY OSBOURNE
Blizzard Of Ozz
[EPC]
- 309153 STANLEY CLARKE/GEORGE
DUKE - THE CLARKE/
DUKE PROJECT
[EPC]
- 309179 JOE WALSH
THERG'S GIG
THE REDWOODS
[A&M]
- 313577 WEATHER
REPORT
[COLUMBIA]
- 313676 GEORGE DUKE
DREAM ON
[EPC]
- 313684 BONNIE RAITT
GREEN LIGHT
[WARNER BROS.]

- 312272 ELVIS COSTELLO
ALMOST BLUE
[COLUMBIA]
- 312231 Earth, Wind & Fire
RAISED
[COLUMBIA]
- 312025 MOLLY HATCHET
Take No Prisoners
[EPC]
- 312017 OZZY OSBOURNE
Diary Of A Madman
[EPC]
- 311985 MERLE HAGGARD
BIG CITY
[EPC]
- 311829 TAMMY WYNETTE
You Brought Me Back
[EPC]
- 308882 THE WHO
FACE DANCES
[WARNER BROS.]
- 308635 AC/DC
DIRTY DECADE
DON'T CHEAT
[EPC]
- 308627 CONWAY TWITTY
& LORETTA LYNN
SANDWICH
[EPC]
- 308448 ROSANNE CASH
Seven Year Ache
[COLUMBIA]
- 308015 RAY PRICE
A TRIBUTE TO WILLE AND KRIS
[COLUMBIA]
- 302919 AIR SUPPLY
LOST IN LOVE
[A&M]
- 300095 Electric Light Orch.
ELO's Greatest Hits
[EPC]
- 291500 BEST OF THE
DOORS
[ELEKTRA]
- 293944 VAN HALEN
Van Halen II
[WARNER BROS.]
- 302455 AMBROSIA
ONE EIGHTY
[WARNER BROS.]
- 304386 PAT BENATAR
Crimes Of Passion
[EPC]
- 304212 QUEEN
THE GAME
[ELEKTRA]
- 307827 EMMYLOU HARRIS
EVANGELINE
[WARNER BROS.]
- 307850 TED NUGENT
INTERESTS IN 90 CITIES
[EPC]
- 307868 WILLIE NELSON
SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW
[COLUMBIA]
- 307900 LOVERBOY
[COLUMBIA]
- 313452 SAMMY HAGER
Standing Hempton
[EPC]
- 313460 ELTON JOHN
THE FOX
[COLUMBIA]
- 313478 DONNA SUMMER
THE WANDERER
[Geffen]
- 313486 NICK LOWE
Nick The Knife
[COLUMBIA]
- 313660 VAN MORRISON
Beautiful Vision
[WARNER BROS.]
- 313551 MICHAEL FRANKS
Objects Of Desire
[WARNER BROS.]

- 310342 JOURNEY
ESCAPE
[COLUMBIA]
- 312983 BOB & DOUG
GREAT WHITE NORTH
[MERCURY]
- 312967 TERRI GIBBS
I'M A LADY
[EPC]
- 312959 RICH LITTLE
THE FIRST FAMILY
RIDES AGAIN
[BONAFIDE]
- 312926 PAUL ANKA
LIVE BLACK TIE
[FIRST AMERICAN]
- 310235 The Oak Ridge Boys
Greatest Hits
[EPC]
- 310144 STEELY DAN
GAUCHO
[EPC]
- 310102 STALLER BROTHERS
YEARS AGO
[MERCURY]
- 310037 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER
[EPC]
- 306308 THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT -
THE TURN OF A FRIENDLY CARD
[EPC]
- 306241 THE DOORS
GREATEST HITS
[ELEKTRA]
- 285866 BOSTON
Don't Look Back
[EPC]
- 283887 WILLIE NELSON
STARDUST
[COLUMBIA]
- 279067 THE BEST OF
JOAN BAEZ
[EPC]
- 301523 JOURNEY
DEPARTURE
[COLUMBIA]
- 301515 BILLY JOEL
GLASS HOUSES
[COLUMBIA]
- 300921 Sesame Street 10th
Anniversary Album
[EPC]
- 291856 THE BEST OF
CARLY SIMON
[ELEKTRA]
- 291815 PROFILE
PART OF
EMMYLOU HARRIS
[WARNER BROS.]
- 298596 EAGLES
THE LONG RUN
[A&M]
- 309369 VAN HALEN
FAIR WARNING
[WARNER BROS.]
- 309385 LEE RITENOUR
"RIT"
[ELEKTRA]
- 309419 COMMODORES
IN THE POCKET
[EPC]
- 309427 AIR SUPPLY
THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE
[A&M]
- 309476 MARSHALL TUCKER
BAND "DEDICATED"
[WARNER BROS.]
- 313015 CONWAY TWITTY
Southern Comfort
[EPC]
- 312860 BUDDY GRECO
HOT NIGHTS
[EPC]
- 309039 AEROBIC DANCING
(INSTRUCTIONAL)
[GATEWAY]

- 311811 THE BEST OF
BLONDIE
[CORTLAND]
- 311803 Stanley Turrentine
Tender Together
[ELEKTRA]
- 311795 Gil-Scott Heron
REFLECTIONS
[A&M]
- 310920 MICKEY GILLEY
YOU DON'T KNOW ME
[EPC]
- 310821 PRETENDERS
II
[EPC]
- 310789 Electric Light Orchestra
TIME
[EPC]
- 307967 PHIL COLLINS
FACE VALUE
[GEMINI]
- 307959 TERRI GIBBS
Somebody's Knockin'
[EPC]
- 271909 JIM CRICHCROFT'S
GREATEST HITS
THE W & BOTTLE
[EPC]
- 274043 ANNIE
ORIGINAL CAST
[COLUMBIA]
- 275743 BARBRA STREISAND
Streisand Supremum
[COLUMBIA]
- 279133 MEATLOAF
BAT OUT OF HELL
[EPC]
- 305300 THE B-52'S
WILD PLANET
[WARNER BROS.]
- 310292 PAT BENATAR
PRECIOUS TIME
[CORTLAND]
- 310300 PABLO CRUISE
REFLECTOR
[A&M]
- 310318 Stacy Lattisaw
WITH YOU
[EPC]
- 310326 JOE JACKSON
JUMPIN' JIVE
[A&M]
- 313650 SIMON & GARFUNKEL
THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK
393652 [WARNER BROS.]
- 313221 SHIRLEY BASSEY
393223 [ELEKTRA]
- 311373 LENA HORNE:
391375 [EPC]
- 311001 WILLIE NELSON'S
391003 [COLUMBIA]
- 307744 JOURNEY
397745 [COLUMBIA]
- 304865 David Carpio Santana
394866 [CORTLAND]
- 306597 396598 EAGLES
LIVE
[EPC]
- 306359 Bruce Springsteen
396350 [COLUMBIA]
- 309054 SOUTHSEA JOHNNY AND THE
399055 [MERCURY]
- 309757 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
399758 [EPC]

- 312918 TOM BROWNE
YOURS TRULY
[A&M]
- 312884 ROBERT GOULET
CLOSE TO YOU
[A&M]
- 312876 SAMMY DAVIS, JR.
Closest Of Friends
[A&M]
- 313064 KENNY ROGERS
GIDEON
[LIBERTY]
- 312868 SHIRLEY BASSEY
ALL BY MYSELF
[EPC]
- 310433 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
ENDLESS LOVE
[MERCURY]
- 310375 BLACKFOOT
MARAUDER
[A&M]
- 310359 LARRY GRAHAM
Just Be My Lady
[WARNER BROS.]
- 305292 YES
DRAMA
[ATLANTIC]
- 305284 THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
ONE STEP CLOSER
[WARNER BROS.]
- 305045 AC/DC
BACK IN BLACK
[ATLANTIC]
- 219477 SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S
GREATEST HITS
[COLUMBIA]
- 306605 Grover Washington, Jr.
WHELIGHT
[ELEKTRA]
- 306654 BLONDIE
Autoamerican
[CORTLAND]
- 306688 WINDY ARTISTS, VOL. 5
[COLUMBIA]
- 306787 THE BLUES BROTHERS
MADE IN AMERICA
[ATLANTIC]
- 307942 Hank Williams, Jr.
ROWDY
[ELEKTRA]
- 312892 THE GEORGE BENSON
392894 [WARNER BROS.] COLLECTION
- 312173 DIANA ROSS -
392175 All The Great Hits
[MOTOWN]
- 312033 THE BEACH BOYS
392035 [CORTLAND]
- 307231 YES
397232 [ATLANTIC]
- 305524 SUPERTRAMP
395526 [A&M]
- 303339 Great American
393330 [EPC]
- 302265-392266 FRANK SINATRA
[EPC]
- 306712 FLEETWOOD MAC
396713 [WARNER BROS.] LIVE
- 310847 DAN FOGELBERG -
390849 [EPC]
- 311787 RUSH
391789 [MERCURY]

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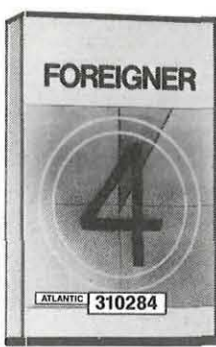
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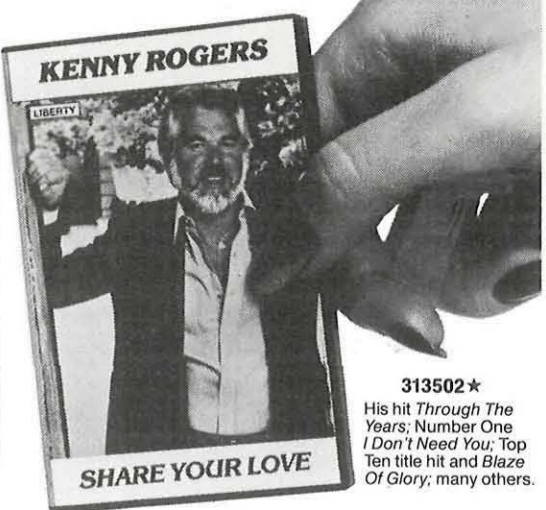
Top 10 Title hit; *Crimson And Clover*; (*I'm Gonna*) *Run Away*; *Little Drummer Boy*.



No. 1 album with smash *Top 10 Juke Box Hero*; *Waiting for a Girl Like You*; *Urgent*.



Top 10 *Open Arms*; *Who's Crying Now*; *Don't Stop Believin'*; *Stone In Love*.



313502★
His hit *Through The Years*; *Number One I Don't Need You*; *Top Ten* title hit and *Blaze Of Glory*; many others.

- | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| 313361★ CONWAY TWITTY
MR. T | 313098★ KENNY ROGERS
LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT | 312785★ GEORGE JONES
STILL THE SAME OLD ME | 312660★ ABBA
THE VISITORS | 311514★ GENESIS
ABACAB |
| 313304★ FERRANTE & TEICHER
GOLDEN PIANO HITS | 313049 Barbra Streisand
MEMORIES | 312686★ FRANK SINATRA
She Shot Me Down | 312652★ EMMYLOU HARRIS
CIMARRON | 311506★ MAC DAVIS
Midnight Crazy |
| 313213★ EARL KLUGH
CRAZY FOR YOU | 312843★ TONY MARTIN
I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS | 312678★ Grover Washington, Jr.
COME MORNING | 310656★ HIT 45'S OF
THE 70'S - VOL. 1 | 311480★ CARLY SIMON
TORCH |
| 313197★ SHEENA EASTON
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME | 312835★ THE LETTERMEN
LOVE IS... | 311688★ Grand Funk Railroad
GRAND FUNK LIVES | 310482★ STEVIE NICKS
BELLA DONNA | 307819 DIANA ROSS
TO LOVE AGAIN |
| 313171★ KIM CARNES
Mistaken Identity | 312827★ EYDIE GORME
Since I Fell For You | 311670★ DON WILLIAMS
Especially For You | 303909★ Original Broadway Cast
BARNUM | 307801★ STYX
Paradise Theater |
| 310094★ OAK RIDGE BOYS
FANCY FREE | 236885 CARPENTERS
The Singles 1969-1973 | 305334★ THE POLICE
Zenyatta Mondatta | 303123★ PETE TOWNSHEND
EMPTY GLASS | 307413★ MEL TILLIS
SOUTHERN RAIN |
| 286914★ FLEETWOOD MAC
RUMOURS | 313700★ KENNY ROGERS
GREATEST HITS | 305219★ MOLLY HATCHET
Beatin' The Odds | 311043★ LARRY GATLIN
THE GATLIN BROTHERS AND
HOT GUITY | 312029★ THE KENDALLS
LETTIN' YOU IN ON A FEELIN' |
| 301473★ CHRISTOPHER
CROSS | 260638 CHICAGO IX
CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS | 305201★ STEVE FORBERT
Little Stevie Orbit | 311050★ ORIGINAL BROADWAYCAST
"ARTHUR" | 311340★ BILLY JOEL
Songs In The Attic |
| 300681 NEIL DIAMOND
SEPTEMBER MORN | 291435★ LED ZEPPELIN | 306969★ THE BEST OF EMERSON,
LAKE & PALMER | 311094★ AL JARREAU
WARRIOR BROTHERS
BREAKIN' AWAY | 311381★ DEVO "NEW
WARRIOR BROTHERS" TRADITIONALISTS" |
| 296285★ REO SPEEDWAGON
NINE LIVES | 187088 BARBRA STREISAND'S
GREATEST HITS | 307470★ ROSSINGTON COLLINS
BAND - SYNTHE
ANALGE, ANYWHERE | 311761★ QUEEN
GREATEST HITS | 313080★ KENNY ROGERS
THE GAMBLER |
| 307751★ ORIGINAL BROADWAYCAST
FLASH GORDON | 307710★ +38 SPECIAL
WILD-EYED SOUTHERN BOYS | 307702★ RUSH
MOVING PICTURES | © 1982 Columbia House | |
| 311696★ JANE PRICE
SLEEPING WITH YOUR MEMORY | 311605★ DONALD BYRD AND
125TH STREET N.Y.C. LOVE BYRD | 312330★ THE BEAT OF
TED NUGENT
GREAT GONZOS | Columbia Record & Tape Club, P.O. Box 1130
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811 | |
| 311738★ THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
The Best Of The Doobies
VOLUME 1 | 311654★ HERBIE HANCOCK
MAGIC WINDOWS | 312348★ Lindsey Buckingham
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| 311779★ LOVERBOY
GET LUCKY | 312363★ STARS ON LONG PLAY,
VOLUME 4 | 312389 AC/DC FOR THOSE ABOUT
TO ROCK WE SALUTE YOU | Write in numbers of 11 selections | |

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Yes, just take a look at the superstars and super hits that the Columbia Record & Tape Club now offers. To get any 11 of these records or tapes right away, simply fill in and mail the application together with your check or money order for \$1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 11 selections, plus \$1.85 to cover shipping and handling). In exchange, you agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel your membership at any time after doing so.

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest... plus hundreds of alternates for every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

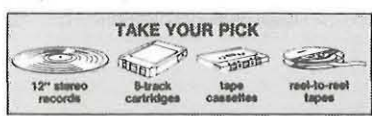
If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or

none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$7.98 to \$9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan.

10-Day Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and you will have no further obligation. So act now!

Special Start-Your-Membership-Now Offer: you may also choose your first selection right now—and we'll give it to you for at least 60% off regular Club prices (only \$2.99). Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your 11 introductory selections. This discount purchase reduces your membership obligation immediately—you'll then be required to buy just 7 more selections (instead of 8) in the next three years. Just check box in application and fill in number you want.



Note: All applications are subject to review; Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.

Here's the "Gold Box" you've seen on TV—fill it in and get an extra selection.

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Send my selections in this type of recording (check one):
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 My main musical interest is (check one): **K59/BJ**
 (But I am always free to choose from any category)
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 Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. _____

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State _____ Zip _____

Do You Have A Telephone: (Check one) Yes No 316/F82
This offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto.

Also send my first selection for at least a 60% discount, for which I am also enclosing additional payment of \$2.99. I then need buy only 7 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next three years.

K61/AF K62/ZE

FLUSHERS

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)

well get off the field and hoof it up to Section 57, with the pretzel and popcorn crowd, trading in a duffel bag full of sweats for a briefcase full of boredom. Seamus had seen too many people he knew go that route, track star to tract house, and they'd started hitting the liniment bottle quicker than Sugar Ray Leonard would jab the head of a yahoo in a barroom who'd made light of the champ's mother.

The matron declared, "It must be divine to pitch for football," as Seamus sidled over and accidentally overturned a drink on her head, to rescue his friend. Her eyes bored into him like a mad coyote's at night, making Seamus shrug and flick a sizable ash in her hair.

There was something odd about the sleek blond model that Jerry Lewis was chatting up. The Nutty Partygoer seemed to like her looks and tried to amuse by clapping his hands together in the manner of the tiny toy ape with cymbals on its paws. She gave him a look you'd give a fish that'd jumped out of the aquarium and flopped onto your bed, looking for some action.

Mean Joe Greene swaggered into the room and spilled Paul Anka's drink by looking near it. Anything short of a Soviet tank squad had better not mess with him, and even they should lay off the liquid potato poison for a while before giving it their shot.

You won't read about it in *People*, but rumor had it a few seasons ago that Greene and Princess Caroline were something of an item for a few days

while she "did" Pittsburgh for some charity bowl. The star-sniffers said that more was talked about than the X's and O's of the Steelers playbook.

Looking at them across the room, Seamus could tell at once that the rumors were unfounded. It was obvious the big lug had been infected with a heavy crush for the young girl. They seemed to have as much to talk about as a parrot and a porcupine would, but after a few bottles of champagne, Mean Joe tried to curry the abashed princess's favor by setting up in his stance to demonstrate the moves that had made him a frequent drop-in guest at quarterbacks' rib cages across the league. Lunging wildly, he accidentally upended Paul Williams and deposited him headfirst into a bowl of seething onion dip. When fished out of the chivey substance, the pint-size composer vowed revenge, until he caught a glimpse of the hangdog look on Joe's face. Joe looked as embarrassed as a congressman caught sexing his secretary on the Capitol steps. Seamus and Caroline exchanged glances and agreed that inviting Joe to view the circus from the royal box could be the only solution. Mean Joe picked up as though given a strawberry Dexedrine milk-shake treat.

THE TORCHLIGHT PARADE OF THE wheelchair athletes opened the night's festivities on Caesar's main stage, in a large and lavish twenty-one-gun salute to the glory that was pseudo-Romanesque architecture. For the ceremonies, the spare-no-expense management had added a special motif—statues of Rodin's *The Thinker*, with the marble do-nothing now seated in a rock wheelchair. Venus de Milo sported a pair of

crutches to give her support, while Eros affected a dandy back brace to insure that his aim of his arrows of love was true.

Seamus and Caroline discussed the dignified atmosphere of the casino at Monte Carlo versus the frothy vulgarity of Las Vegas.

"I've never been there," stammered Joe Greene, sending the conversation down in flames quicker than an F-14 could devastate a young child's kite. "Heavy trip," whispered Caroline to Seamus, her young breath hot in his ear.

Colorful jackanapes eagerly cavorted about, and tumblers of the highest order displayed their brazen skills, while harlequins bedazzled, and silk-coated roustabouts lit the fireworks and smashed plates on their heads. After the stock-bear racing and dwarf execution came a special handicapped acrobatic team. After a tumble they had to be placed back in their wheelchairs, and the human pyramid was only a man high, but they gave it their all and were rewarded with a tremendous chorus of lukewarm applause. The trapeze artist who ventured out next in his peculiar metal encasement should have been grateful for the net below; if only it had been a little stronger.

The European clown Flan, all the rage in Brussels, followed with a routine so pathetic that, if not for the interjection of some third-rate miming toward the end, it could not have sustained even the most diehard advocate in maintaining that Europeans have any sense of humor. As it was, the large-footed clumsy albino of low moral character received a standing ovation after his closing number of "Woman and Small Girl Search for Grapefruit in a Market Near the Seine."

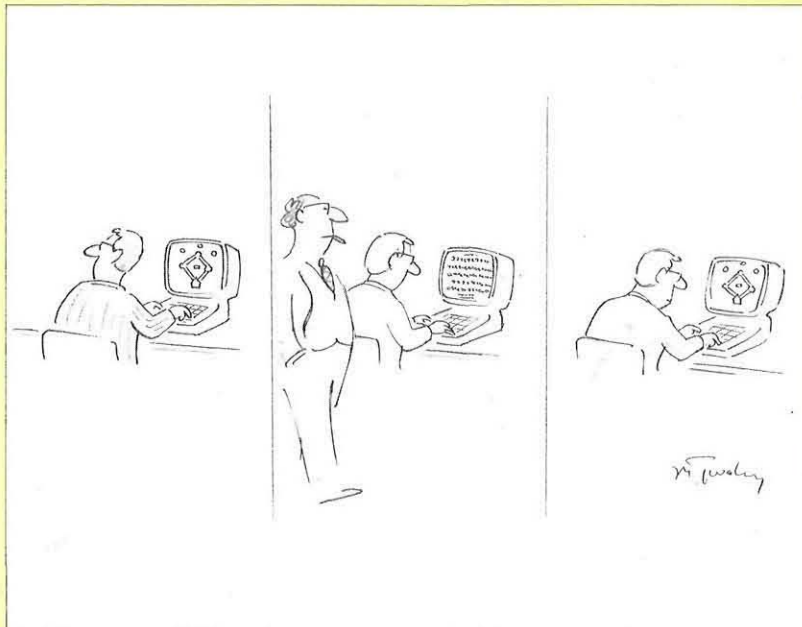
Seamus momentarily left the box to purchase the candied apples and wacky T-shirts for which Caroline had caught a fancy. A man of striking oddness of expression and gait approached him and informed Seamus that he, the man, was to deliver him a message.

"Who is the message from?" Seamus asked with a ready ear and a cocked fist. "Mister Chloroform," came the response, as a man from behind carrying the sleepy chemical in a handkerchief sent Seamus's world spinning.

Up in the royal box, Mean Joe stared ahead at the acrobats, trying to think of what to say to get back in Caroline's good graces. The same evil substance soon rendered any further thought impossible.

Several pairs of hands placed an unconscious Caroline into an awaiting wheelchair and led her out of the building and into a van parked in the Handicapped Only section. To the casual

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

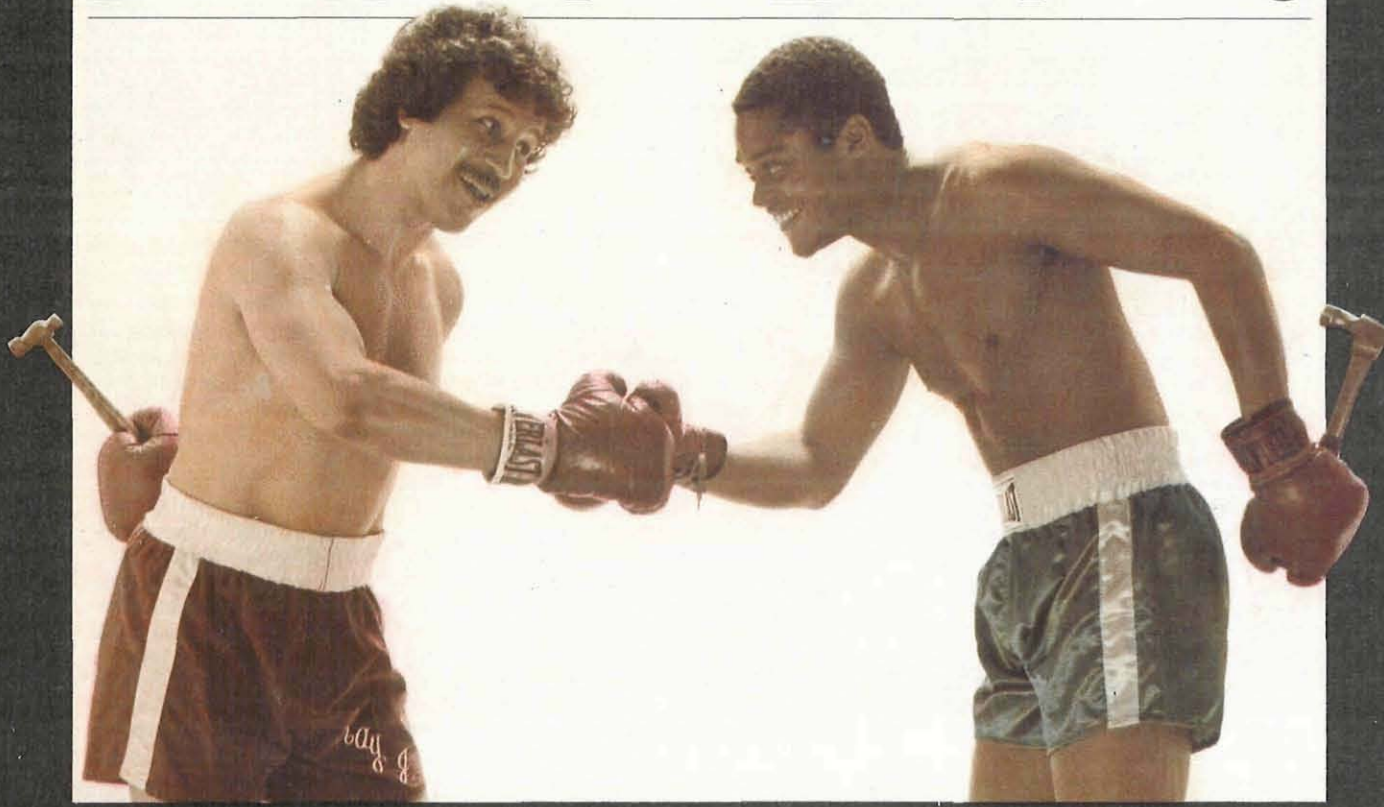


LORE OF THE RING

M I K E ' N ' A L ' S

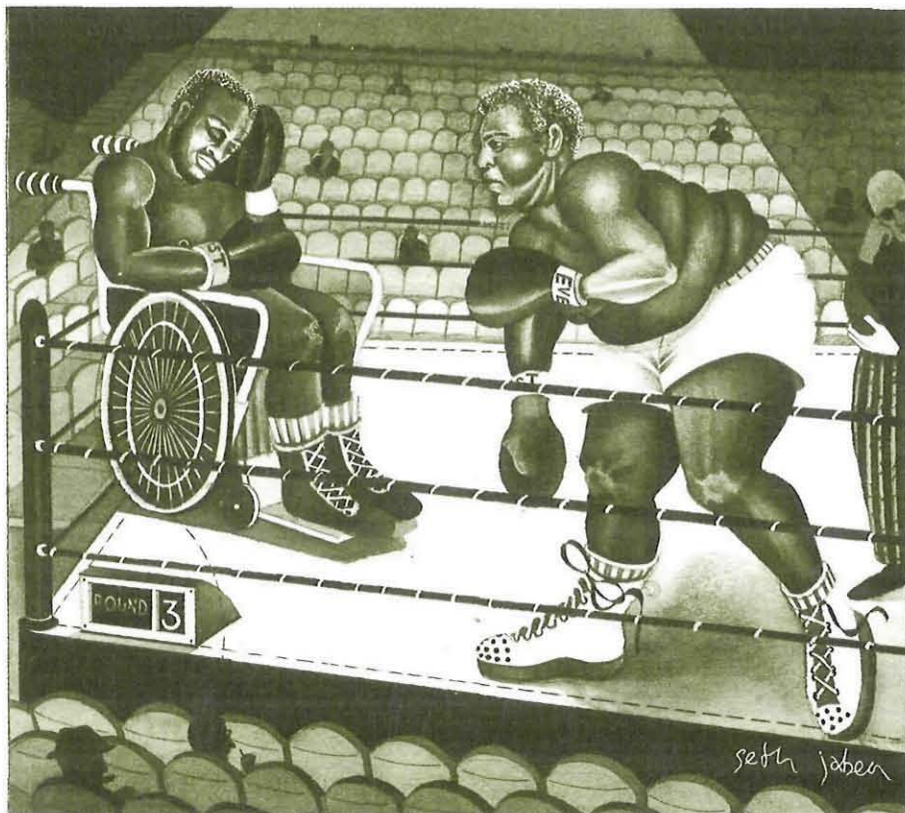
BOXING

B R I E F S



Photograph: Michael Watson

Boxing News of the Future



FRAZIER-ALI IV: THE COMEBACK FIGHT OF THE CENTURY

COLUMBUS, OHIO January 9, 1997—The boxing world was literally set upon its cauliflower ear today as Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali came out of retirement for what must have been the millionth time in the last twenty years. The two fought in a long-awaited rematch, the first since the legendary "Thriller in Manila." Yet the new bout—dubbed the "Rumpus in Columbus" and the "Crummy Fight Near Cleveland Heights" by media wags—seemed lacking somehow. Weighing in at 400 pounds, Ali was truly twice the man he had been in his prime. "Muhammad is in the best shape of his life," proclaimed Ali trainer Angelo Dundee, as he hurried off to place a huge bet on Frazier.

But "Smolderin' Joe" had also succumbed to the ravages of time, needing a wheelchair to take him in and out of the ring. "Don't push me too hard, I might get killed," the ferocious

ex-champ spunkily remarked. Yet, despite all the hoopla, the actual battle amounted to a draw. Frazier fell asleep at the sound of the bell, and couldn't be roused, due to a faulty hearing aid. Though Ali charged full speed at this easy target, he was unable to waddle across the ring and reach Joe until the end of the fight, forty-five minutes later. "That Smokin' Joe Frazier has got me enraged / If I don't kill him, he'll die of old age," said Ali.

Yet the spectators were not amused, and reacted by hurling potentially fatal objects, like feathers and napkins, at the feeble fighters. This anger increased when Frazier awoke and, unaware that the fight had already started, tried to win over the crowd by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The rendition only proved that time could not lessen Joe's lack of skill as a singer. All in all, it added up to just one thing: zero.

Hall of Shame

THE 5 WORST BOXERS OF ALL TIME



1
GEORGE MEYER
0 wins, 35 losses

A foreman in a small electronics plant in Phoenix, George Meyer turned to boxing in late 1973. Billing himself as "George Foreman," he attempted to cash in on the popularity of then heavyweight champ George Foreman. Unfortunately, the fifty-two-year-old Meyer was no match for the hordes of angry fans who had been duped by his trick, much less the club fighters he took on. He suffered thirty-five knockouts in his thirty-five fights, twenty of them resulting from bottles hurled by disgruntled spectators.

2



**LARRY "THE LAWYER"
KRAVITZ**

0 wins, 59 losses

A graduate of Brandeis Law School, Larry Kravitz was a boxer with a gimmick: he would allow himself to be brutally pummeled during every match, and then sue his opponent for a hefty amount, claiming grievous bodily injury. Sadly, Kravitz was almost as bad an attorney as he was a boxer, finishing his legal career with a record of two wins, fifty-seven losses.

3

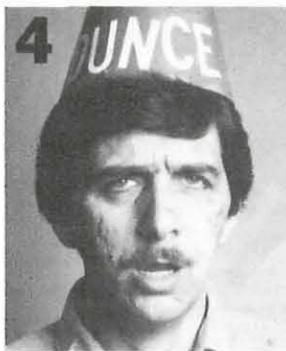


JOE ARNESS

0 wins, 138 losses

A promising young heavy-weight, Arness had his career interrupted when he was drafted during World War II. After he left the service, he returned to the ring, despite a severe handicap: he had lost both his arms in the war. Though he could still duck, bob, and weave effectively, "Armless" Joe Arness was unable to throw a single punch. Following a long string of devastating defeats, he changed his name to "Harmless" Joe Arness, and fought only similarly handicapped boxers, among them "Blind" Artie Brooks and "Dead" Dave Torelli.

4



DICK PIVINSKY

0 wins, 61 losses

"I'm nobody's fool but my own!" burly Dick Pivinsky would say of his canny boxing strategy. Throughout his career, he thought he had his choice of which of the two men in the ring he should take on: his opponent or the referee. Pivinsky always chose the ref, who was smaller, unequipped for the match, and not expecting anything. He scored a long series of knockouts, and an equally long series of disqualifications once the referees came to.

5



**WILLIAM "KID"
MORTENSON**

0 wins, 88 losses

Kid Mortenson was just that—a kid. At age six, the scrappy forty-two pounder was forced to become a middleweight boxer by his father, who thought it would "toughen the boy up." During the early 1950s, one could gauge the kindness of a boxer by the amount of time he would wait before KO'ing the child. The nicest boxer was Carl "Bobo" Olson, who sparred with Mortenson for two rounds, and then flattened the boy one second into Round 3.

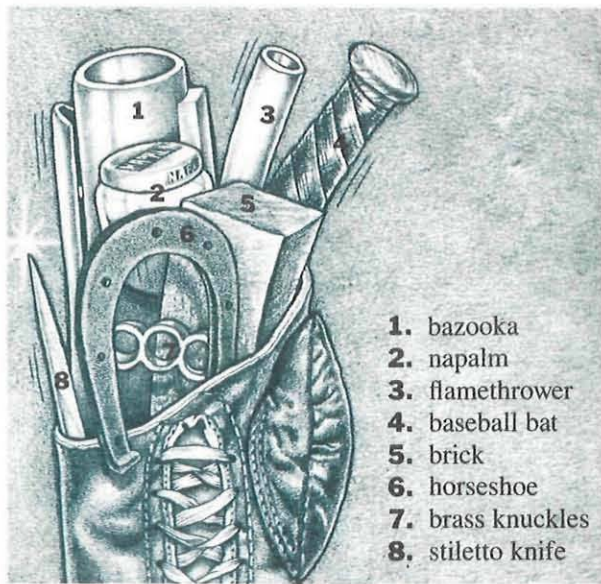
FOLIOS OF FISTIANA

Below are excerpts from Even the Ropes Were Crooked, a recently published history of great boxing scandals:

Lucky Horseshoes

THE OLD TRICK OF HIDING A HORSESHOE IN THE GLOVE HAS long provided extra punching power for unscrupulous fighters. The ploy was first tried by "Sneaky" Jim Jackson, a Civil War-vintage prizefighter. Unfortunately, Sneaky Jim had forgotten that he was a bareknuckle boxer, and the horseshoe clenched in his right fist was spotted in Round 1 by a sharp-eyed ref. On the other hand, the ref was not alert enough to detect a Colt .45 that Jim had concealed in his left fist, and soon both ref and opponent were down for the count.

Later practitioners of the art included Jeff "Brain Damaged" Johnson, who wore a horseshoe in his glove continuously, even while hitting sparring partners and punching bags. As a result, Jeff's hands were soon whittled down to two bloody stumps, and he was forced to seek work as a beggar. In modern times, six-foot-eight-inch Primo Carnera was able to stuff into his outsized glove not only a horseshoe but a horse, winning him the world championship and a summons from the SPCA as well. And recent Swedish champ Ingemar Johansson has been known to stuff his own wooden shoe into his glove during fights, explaining, "I figure a Norse shoe is as good as a horseshoe." When caught, Johansson and the others have all been given boxing establishment's strictest punishment: nothing.



1. bazooka
2. napalm
3. flamethrower
4. baseball bat
5. brick
6. horseshoe
7. brass knuckles
8. stiletto knife

A smart fighter always makes sure to pack a little something extra in his glove.

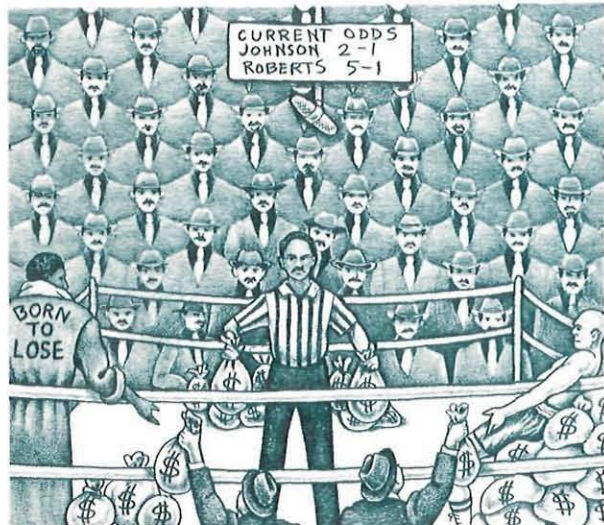
Diving Bored

IT IS CERTAINLY NOT UNCOMMON FOR A FIGHTER TO "TAKE A dive" and throw a match. But few people remember the time that *both* fighters in a match agreed to take a dive, splashing mud all over the fair name of boxing itself.

In the fight between Jake "Unscrupulous" Johnson (record: 0 W, 100 L) and "Rotten" Ray Roberts (1 W, 50 L) each pugilist entered the ring with a reputation for being the crookedest fighter in the business. And, unbeknownst to the other, each had been paid by a rival gambling mob to drop the fight. So it was not surprising that Round 1 opened bizarrely, with both fighters charging out of their corners, holding up their arms, and crying, "I give up—you win!" But this proved futile. Like the trooper he was, each man staunchly refused to be declared the winner.

Finally, after several hesitant moments, the fighters began trying to egg each other on, in hopes of drawing a blow: "You suck!" "Hit me, chicken!" "You're even crookeder than me, asshole!" But nothing could swerve the two from their monumental dedication to corruption. By Round 6, each man had bribed the judges to put the other ahead on points. In Round 7, after leafing through the rule book, Johnson held up a white flag, played taps, and placed a tombstone labeled "R.I.P." on top of his head, in hopes that Roberts would recognize the universal signs of surrender.

But it was to no avail. Refusing to give up his attempt to give up the fight, Roberts began to resort to trickery: he hurled his face onto Johnson's glove, and then lay on the mat, pretending to be knocked out by the blow. Undaunted, Johnson countered by crawling under Roberts's body, pouring cat-sap on his glove, and crying, "TKO! TKO! Your chin just cut open my fist!" But these tricks could not fool the referee, who, incidentally, had been paid off by yet a third gambling ring to make the fight end in a draw. When the ref pulled the boxers up and admonished them to get into a fight or take off, the two pugilists ran into the arena, daring the fans to punch them out. It was a suggestion that the disgruntled crowd—consisting entirely of mobsters with an interest in the bout—was only too happy to comply with. Both fighters were speedily beaten till they died, smiling as proudly as champions as they sank at last into defeat. But the last laugh was on them, for the ref happily declared the match a draw and walked off with all the money. Truly, there were giants in those days.



Careful observers have discovered the fight was fixed.



Kitty Kelley insists that illustrations for her book are unretouched.

NO MORE SAINT LOUIS

FEW BOXERS ARE AS greatly respected and admired for their lives inside and outside of the ring as Joe Louis. But was Joe a hard-hitting, humble hero—or just a fat, frightened fink? The latter is the portrait of the champ presented by Kitty Kelley in her new trash-bio, *Joe Louis: The Brown Bummer*.

The book is jam-packed with disturbing insights and

horrifying revelations about Louis, most of which fly in the face of popular myth and documented fact. As to her sources, Kelley remains secretive; her bibliography reads simply, "None of your beeswax. Miss Nosey Parker." And when confronted by Louis's relatives, demanding substantiation for her claims, she replied, "Heck, I can write whatever I want, can't I? I mean, he's

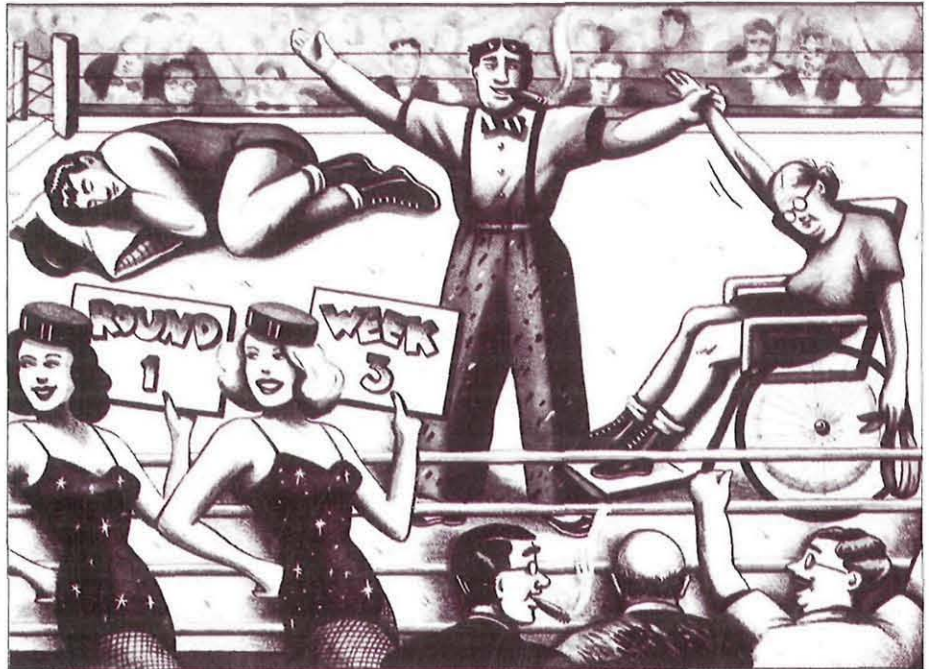
dead. Isn't he?" Below, some excerpts from the book:

"How does a sniveling coward like Joe Louis become a boxing champ? By feigning homosexuality to avoid military service, while all self-respecting men went off to war. When the cream of American manhood took on Adolf 'Sonny' Hitler and 'Rocky' Mussolini in the real fight of the century, Louis managed to skulk off with the heavyweight crown. Sure, he defended his title twenty-five times, but against whom? Old ladies, like Ethel Barrymore and Alice Roosevelt Longworth. And children. And little dogs..."

"One could not deny that Joe Louis was a true heavyweight: in his prime, he tipped the scales at six hundred pounds, all blubber. Between 1939 and 1945, he never once stopped eating, not for a minute. Even in the ring, he would munch on a rack of barbecued ribs, and then poke out his opponents' eyes with the bones. And there is little doubt today that those were human ribs he was eating. Perhaps the only thing bigger than Joe Louis himself was his ego—he never answered to anything other than Joe Cool or King Louis XVII..."

"Louis was the picture of confidence whenever he set foot in the ring. And why not? He was always heavily armed, with hand grenades concealed in his gloves and a submachine gun tucked inside his trunks. Dozens of potential champions were gunned down or blown up during fights with this monster. However, Louis's ultimate act of cowardice occurred in his fight against a particularly intimidating foe. Rather than confront the contender face to face, Louis flew into the ring in a Messerschmitt (borrowed from his friends in the Third Reich) and dropped buzz bombs on his hapless opponent. From then on, Joe Louis had a new and well-deserved nickname: the Brown Bomber..."

THE INFAMOUS "LONG COUNT"



CHICAGO, 1927. Heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey steps into the ring to defend his title against "Tiger" O'Hazo. This is the first fight for O'Hazo, an eighty-one-year-old great-grandmother managed by Chicago mobster Tony "Clams" Casino. While Casino admits that his fighter is rather weak on offense and defense, he adds, "Mamma mia, can that old broad cook!" Betting on the match is heavy, with odds favoring Dempsey, 1,500 to 1. When Casino tells the press that Tiger O'Hazo will be fighting gloveless and blindfolded "just to keep things interesting," the odds against the old woman soar to 10,000 to 1. Casino maintains his faith in O'Hazo, and bets everything he owns—six houses, a string of racehorses, and the Chicago City Council—on her.

Round 1. The walk from her corner to the center of the ring is too much for the aged O'Hazo, and she hits the canvas before Dempsey can lay a glove on her. Referee Barry Davis begins his count: "One, two..." Tony Casino steps into the ring and whispers to Davis while poking him threateningly with what witnesses believe was a bayonet (Casino claims it was his finger). Shaken, the ref slows his count to one digit an hour, while Casino's physicians try to revive O'Hazo.

Next morning. Referee Davis has reached the count of eight. O'Hazo has been whisked off to Marymount Hospital, where she lies in a coma. Dempsey and the crowd begin to suspect an infraction of the rules but are held in check by Casino's army of goons. Casino decides to have another talk with the referee, whom he believes is counting a bit too quickly. For emphasis, Casino again pokes Davis in the chest with his "finger," this time drawing blood. The referee agrees to slow things down by counting to ten, backward from one million.

Three weeks later. Tiger O'Hazo regains consciousness and is raced back to the arena where the fight began. Tony Casino personally wheels the old woman in to the ring and props her up. Referee Davis stops the count-down at 321,680, and then turns to Jack Dempsey, who collapsed in his corner some days before from lack of food and sleep. Davis begins another ten count (by fives, at Casino's insistence), and declares Dempsey out two seconds later. Octogenarian Tiger O'Hazo wins the world heavyweight championship on her first fight, by KO'ing Jack Dempsey three weeks into Round 1.

Most sports historians now believe the fight was fixed.

THE STUPID HEAVYWEIGHTS' COMPUTERIZED BATTLE OF BRAINS

"A GOOD BOXER IS A MAN with a heavyweight body, a flyweight intellect, and a paperweight for a brain," George Plimpton once quipped to an aging Joe Louis. After someone explained the barb to Louis, he handled it like a real champion, by pummeling Plimpton ruthlessly for an hour. But the question remained: Are professional fighters as stupid as they look, act, talk,

ogy ("Plastic is a kind of dog, T or F?"). The MIT student then developed a computer program that could simulate the strain and punishment these five boxers would undergo while taking such a test. Ciccarella was now ready to pair off the boxers for his Computer-Simulated Stupid Boxers' Battle of Wits. It was decided that Primo Carnera would be testing against Joe Frazier.



Carnera vs. Frazier

and seem to everyone in the world?

The question was taken up by Vince Ciccarella, an enterprising computer jockey from MIT. The student fed biographical data on every heavyweight boxing champion from John L. Sullivan to Larry Holmes into a Vacuform-2000 computer to determine the five dumbest champs in history. Within minutes, the computer spat out the answer: Primo Carnera, Floyd Patterson, Ingemar Johansson, Joe Frazier, and, of course, Leon Spinks.

But, except for Spinks, were they all really that stupid? Vince Ciccarella decided to find out. He devised a grueling fifteen-question true-or-false test that covered every topic from architecture ("A log cabin is made from logs, T or F?") to zool-

Floyd Patterson would take on his old rival Ingemar Johansson. And Leon Spinks, the odd man out, would match wits with a Proctor-Silex blender (the "Blender with a Brain").

The opening test bouts were full of surprises. Primo Carnera scored an astounding thirteen out of fifteen questions correct, to Joe Frazier's three. The computer explained that Carnera had been paid by the Mob to take a dive in the match; in his numskull attempt to answer all the questions wrong, Carnera got almost every one right. Frazier, to his credit, lived up to his nickname, "Smokin' Joe," as clouds of steam poured out of his ears while he struggled with the test.

Floyd Patterson easily trounced Ingemar Johansson in their match, four

questions to none. Patterson, a tireless trainer, had boned up on his multiplication tables, sparring with some of the sharpest third-grade minds in the country. By the



three (eat, sleep, take cocaine).

The preliminary bouts concluded, the time had come to match up the two winners, "Mongoloid"



Patterson vs. Johansson

time of the bout, he was in the top thinking shape of his career. Conversely, Ingemar "The Swedish Meatball," Johansson was completely confounded by the test, since it was written in English, a language unfamiliar to him. Johansson, who has lived in this country for a scant thirty years, had mastered only one English phrase in that time: "I bain dere vunce before. I t'ink." Unfortunately for him, this phrase did not turn up on the quiz.

In an attempt to revive a flagging career, Leon Spinks volunteered to take the Battle of Wits test in person, rather than have the computer simulate his responses. Spinks, who has been working as a skycap in Chicago's O'Hare Airport, managed to get the day off, so he could confront his opponent face to face, man to appliance. The pair seemed evenly

Floyd Patterson and Primo "The Great White Dope" Carnera. Vince Ciccarella came up with fifteen brutal rounds of questions, for what was billed as the Brain-Busting Battle of the Century.

Clang! The fight opened with excitement and controversy as the referee fired off the question for Round 1: "Name three colors." Carnera leapt to the fore with "Vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry." Patterson broke in seconds later with "Me, my mama, and my wife," believing the question to be "Name three coloreds." Both champs were confident that they had won the round, but the judges declared it a draw.

By Round 2, the fighters were already mixing it up and getting mixed up over the second question: "How many hands do you have?" Carnera grabbed the ref by the neck, asking, "Do you



Spinks vs. Blender

matched, and at the end of three hours of heated competition their scores were tied, 0-0. Judges finally awarded the match to the blender, since it could perform four functions (chop, dice, grate, purée) to Spinks's

mean him or me?" Patterson, full of animal cunning, took advantage of the diversion, using the time to slip off his gloves and begin a hand count. "I got me at least two, three hands," said Floyd. He was awarded the round.

Round 3 had the two fighters duking it out, toe to toe. They were asked, "Is lumber something you eat?" Floyd shot out a lightning-fast "No," but Primo countered with a jolting "I do, sometimes." His managers were quick to corroborate this fact, and Carnera won the round.

The boxers were beginning to show brain strain by Round 4. The question was "What is a dog?" and it floored the two champs. They silently milled about the ring, scratching their heads for over two minutes. Suddenly, Carnera cried triumphantly, "A dog!" The judges refused to award the round to either fighter.

Carnera and Patterson went scoreless for the next ten rounds as well, responding to every query with fast combinations of "You got me" and "Boy, that's a toughie." Going into the last round, the two heavyweights were tied, with one round apiece, and the other twelve rounds even.

The computer-simulated crowd was hushed as the referee delivered the fifteenth and final question of the match: "What are ice cubes made out of?" Patterson stood in quiet meditation while Carnera fired off a rapid series of possible answers, hoping for a score: "Iron. Cheese. Linguini. Women. Mustard. A dog." Finally, with seconds remaining in the round, Patterson murmured hesitantly, "Ice cubes...are made...out of...bigger ice cubes?" "Close enough," declared the judges, giving him the round, match, and title. Floyd Patterson was chosen the Smartest of the Computer-Picked Stupidest World Heavyweight Boxing Champions of All Time.


Vince Ciccarelli telephoned Patterson, now retired, at his home in La Jolla, California, to inform him of his victory. With customary modesty, Floyd replied, "Ah'm lahk to be de intellectable of dis to dat, and so it's good." Spoken like a true champ.

WATCH ALL-CHAMPIONSHIP ALL-STAR BOXING ON TV ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT!


JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
WBA champ
EMILIANO ("BIG TACO") GONZALEZ
vs.
WBC champ
GONZALO EMILIANO




WHOPPER-JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
ABA titleholder
GARGANTUANO MELÓN
vs.
GAC champ
CARMINE MIRANDA



SENIOR SUPER-FLYWEIGHTS
WAA titleholder
ROBERTO ("PUPPI") CAMPESINO
vs.
WPA champ
MANUEL EMPENADA



BIGGER-THAN-LIFE WELTERWEIGHTS
BBC champ
ROBERTO CHORIZO
vs.
GTE champ
ANTONIO ("KID ANGEL") MARICÓN




BULGING BANTAMWEIGHTS
BAA champ
JOSÉ CUBA
vs.
NRA titleholder
ALPHONSO BEDOYA



PETITE MIDDLEWEIGHTS
IRA titleholder
SAHIB MEZUZAH
vs.
NBC champ
MARVIN ("MONSOON") MUGLER




WIRY FEATHERWEIGHTS
WAA champ
CARLOS MORON
vs.
USBA champ
JULIO ALACAZAM



BONE-CRUSHING MIDDLEWEIGHTS
CBC champ
MIGUEL DOS EQUIS
vs.
AAF titleholder
SCHOETZE KTANGE




GOOSE-DOWN FEATHERWEIGHTS
ABC champ
JUAN ZARAZUELA
vs.
ACB titleholder
LUIS PIPIRINO




NO-CAL LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
ITT champ
GERALDO ("BOOM BOOM") FLAN
vs.
OPA champ
JESUS TEFLÓN



JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
TWA champ
ERNEST ("THE THUMB") PARAGUAY
vs.
NBA champ
EDDIE MAHUFA MAHOJO



BASIC HEAVYWEIGHTS
AMA champ
BOBBY ("BALL BITER") QUINN
vs.
AFC titleholder
RUEBEN POLLO, JR.



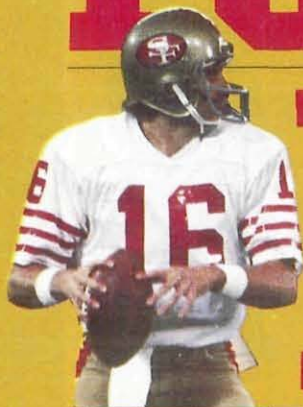
BIG-BOY LIGHTWEIGHTS
HEW champ
OBEZIENJAS ZIZAPECTL
vs.
NAB titleholder
WILLIE RANDY



KING-SIZE HEAVYWEIGHTS
WBA champ
EMILIANO ("BIG TACO") GONZALEZ
vs.
WBC titleholder
GONZALO EMILIANO



FOOTBALL FEVER



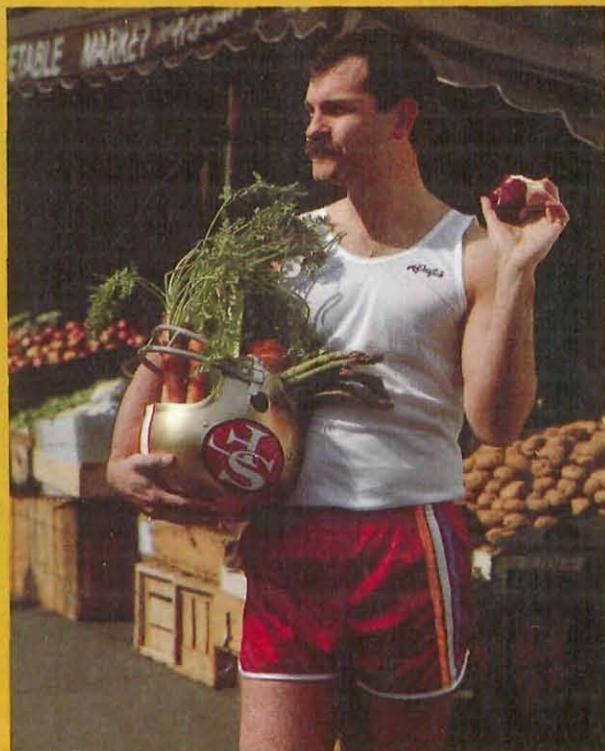
ON CASTRO STREET

BY TOD CARROLL

AS LIFE BECOMES MORE PRECARIOUS and people become more isolated from one another, fewer events have the potency to penetrate the lives of great, disparate masses of human beings, simultaneously, and affect them all alike. Assassinations and declarations of war are generally such events, as are moon landings, hurricanes, plagues, and hundred-thousand-megaton holocausts of volcanic magma that fill entire valleys and entomb millions in their sleep.

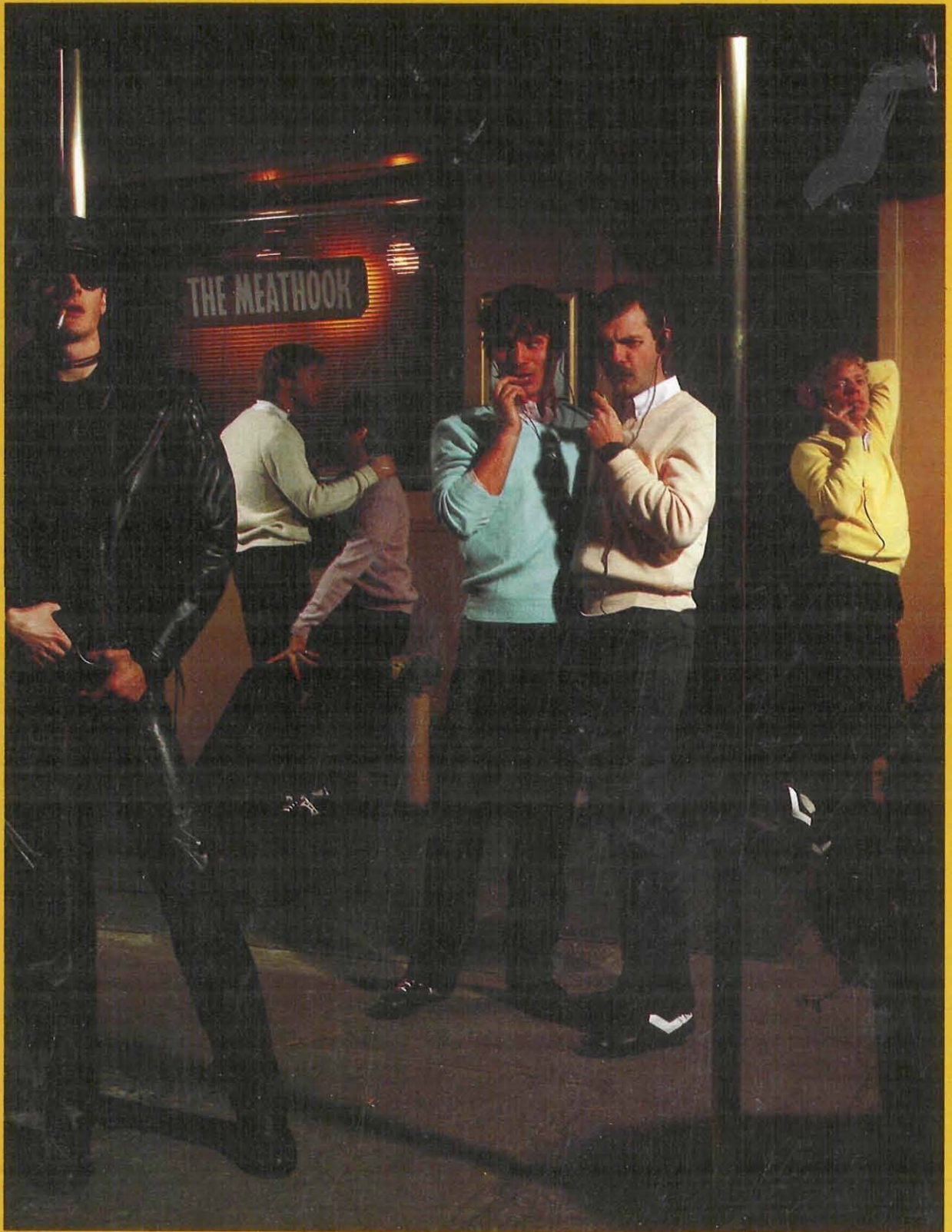
In each circumstance, a bond emerges—a bond of collective pain, or survival, or, in the case of the hot lava, a bond of everyone being red-hot and dead. There are, however, rare instances when a happier union arises, when the luster of an exceptional triumph washes over a whole society and endows it with vitality and pride. Everyone, from the most powerful to the most servile and mealy, seems to bristle with a fresh spirit, a newfound confidence in himself and in the future. Witness, for example, the victorious San Francisco Forty-niners, heroes of Super Bowl XVI, and how they've single-handedly galvanized an entire city full of homosexuals, hundreds of thousands of them, squealing as one, bristling with spirit and butyl nitrate and pride.

Fresh fruit for a healthy fan.

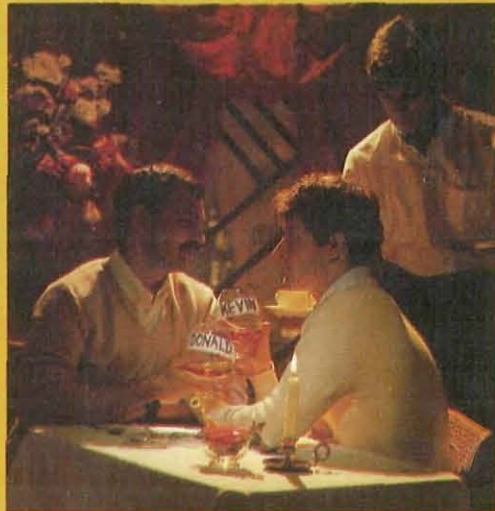


Photographs: V. Damien, Focus on Sports (Montana and Walsh)

It's the Bill Walsh look.



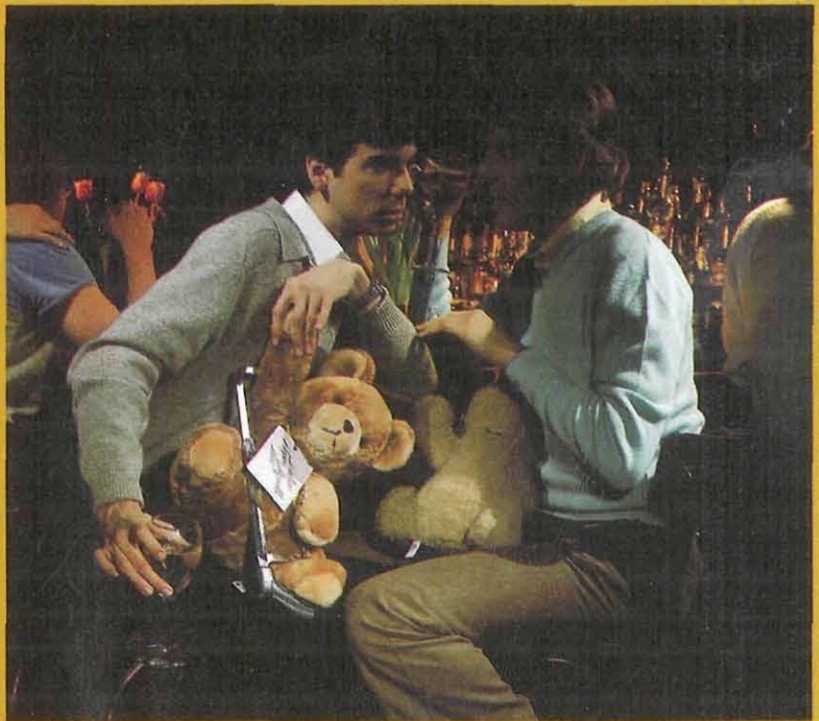
Everyone's taping up on Castro Street.



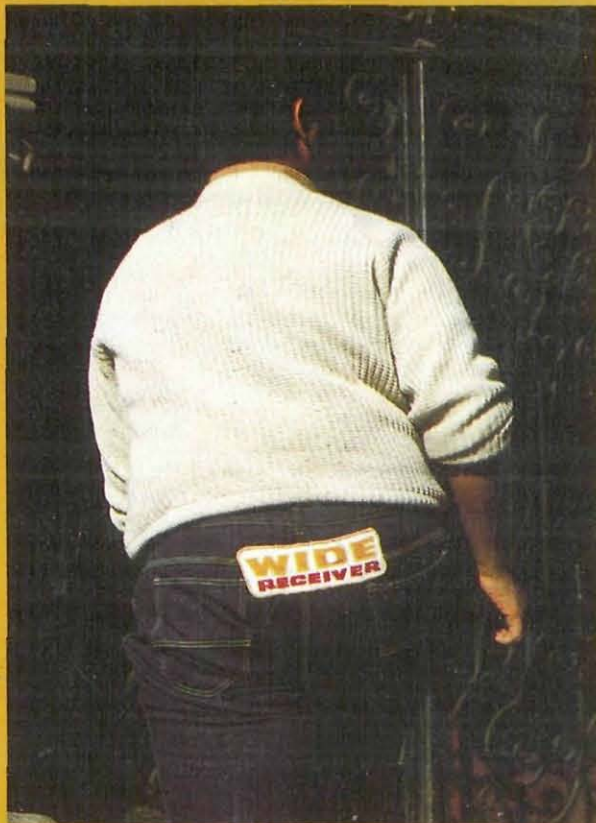
Dreams of glory.



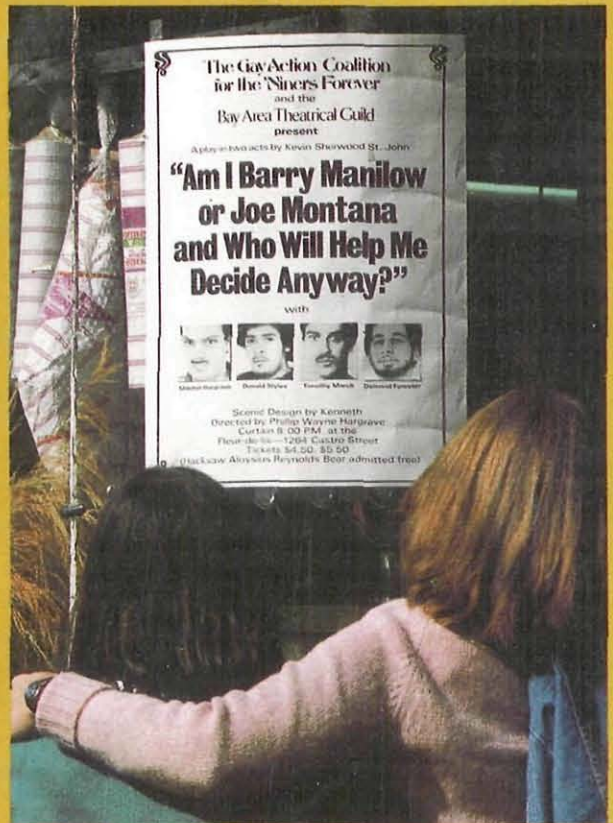
Hacksaw
Aloysius Reynolds
Bear, constant
companion.



Wide receiver.



All the world is a stadium.



FLUSHERS

onlooker it appeared that the young lass had succumbed to nothing more than food, drink, and circus fun.

SOME RICH AND DEMENTED TEXAN had hired a crew to drill for oil in his skull, thought Mike Seamus, experiencing the unique pleasures of a chloroform hangover. The circus had left town and the lights were off in the royal box, so Seamus had a hard time making out the form of Mean Joe, shivering and moaning in his seat. There was a note by his side that Seamus read.

Mike Seamus:

We, the Handicapped Liberation Council, have liberated Princess Caroline as a gesture of solidarity with Third World handicapped athletes everywhere who were not invited to this warmongering circus and wouldn't have come if they were. We demand \$5 million for her release so that the people's movement for panracial desexualized liberationist handicapped athletics may continue against the dreary...

Seamus crumpled up the letter and let out a groan. The Handicapped Liberation Council was a Marxist splinter group composed mainly of cripples and misfits who thought the world had given them a bad break and should stop its orbit, find some knees, and go down on them to beg forgiveness. It sported a few noncrippled activists who were for the most part required to go around in wheelchairs as a symbol for the equality of all. They were considered quite dangerous now that the new leadership had abandoned their exercise program of nonviolence following the death of their chief after he had chained himself to the lead car during a pit stop at the Monte Carlo Grand Prix. Officials refused to cave in to pressure tactics and the race had continued, when misfortune soon struck the chained crazy.

When Mean Joe Greene found out what was happening, you could have peeled him off the floor, wet him, and stuck him on an envelope, so great was his desolation. Seamus led him out of the casino and into the dazzling Vegas night. Ol' Grace sure wouldn't like this turn of events.

Thinking only once or twice about leaving the country, Seamus pondered his next move. Driving distractedly through dim streets, he did not notice the blond in the wheelchair crossing the intersection until it was too late. Metal struck metal, and a broken little wheel teetered and veered off toward the curb.

Gazing down at the twisted wreckage, Seamus received an emotional

punch to the kidneys. This was the blond dish who had spurned the antic charms of Jerry Lewis the night before. Pulling off her blond wig, he recognized her as Martine, a Soviet gymnasium operative he'd last tangled with in the Doctor J. and Doctor Doom affair.

He would have wagered a diamond the size of a soccer ball that she was involved with the abduction of Caroline. Standing over her, he could see that her condition was critical. Seamus whispered gently into her dewy blue eyes that if she didn't talk right away, the largest black guy she ever saw would want to know why.

THE BAR WAS CALLED THE GOLDEN Rooster and its location off the Strip in downtown Las Vegas made it a prime location for every loser in the book to call it home for an evening. For the price of a chili dog or two and a few beers, scruff who descended in their dirty beat-up Dodge vans might be able to walk away with one of the sun-drenched cow-eyed honeys who showed up because they had always gone there before. A greasy taco stuffer named Miguel offered cocaine cut with Maalox and Triple-X flour in small packets of generic tinfoil for one hundred a gram, about two-thirds of the average weekly salary for the crowd tonight. A sad-eyed black wearing purple-tinted heart-shaped glasses like the ones George Harrison wore in 1967 sat nursing a shot of house tequila and a Coca-Cola chaser, as lonesome C & W songs drew a small crowd at the jukebox over by one of the two pool tables.

The wheelchair set made their entrance around eleven and rolled into a room at the back of the bar. They were debating a plan for world conquest based on the secret introduction of a parasite into America's wheat that would break down the spinal material of a nation and force all to walk on all fours, leaving them masters of the race. It was voted down when no one knew how to find a parasite like that.

Seamus and Mean Joe Greene studied the layout and decided on a direct attack. They spun the nasty Marxists 'round in circles while calling them every bad name in the book, until they admitted that Princess Caroline could be found inside the liquor locker. She was sitting on a stack of cases, sipping a Budweiser tallboy. "I don't know if I like the taste of beer," she said. "It's kind of icky."

Hearing the familiar crunch of high heels on ice cubes, Seamus turned and found himself at the barrel end of a gold-plated Smith & Wesson. At its opposite end stood Princess Grace, looking regal in a coat of blue fox.

"That's right, Seamus, it's your old

pal," she sneered, her eyes narrowing with contempt. "Stand clear, 'cause I'm bumping off that brat while I've still got a chance." She ripped open her daughter's blouse, exposing the curve of her left breast. "Pretty nice, huh? A tempting treat for eye or tongue? Well, maybe she can steal Philippe away, like some circus tramp, but she's not going to get any more of my guys, with a bullet in the belly..."

Mike Seamus realized with a start that the woman he had secretly carried a torch for these many years was a seriously brain-damaged individual. Perhaps all that electricity hadn't been the best thing...

Mean Joe Greene moved quickly and blocked the hurtling bullet in a flash. Seamus kicked the gun out of the former movie queen's hand without realizing that his friend had rushed his last pass, that the game clock was close to its final tick.

Gasping for air, Greene struggled desperately to remember the French expressions he had been memorizing to inform Caroline of his feelings in her native language. "Moi, je voudrais des pommes soufflées. Est-ce que cela ira avec le canard?"

Caroline pursed her lips thoughtfully at Greene's words. "He said he'd like some souffléed potatoes and would that go all right with the duck. What a bunch of nutbars around here. Let's drop Mom off at the clink and go to the disco."

Mike Seamus considered the words carefully. It sounded like a good idea to him. ■

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DANGER IN THE DUGOUT
THE TERROR IN THE BOSTON
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DOCTOR J. AND DOCTOR DOOM
THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING CHUCK
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THE DON KING INQUIRY
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INTRODUCING THE NEW L.L. BEANER CATALOG

BY GERALD SUSSMAN AND TED MANN

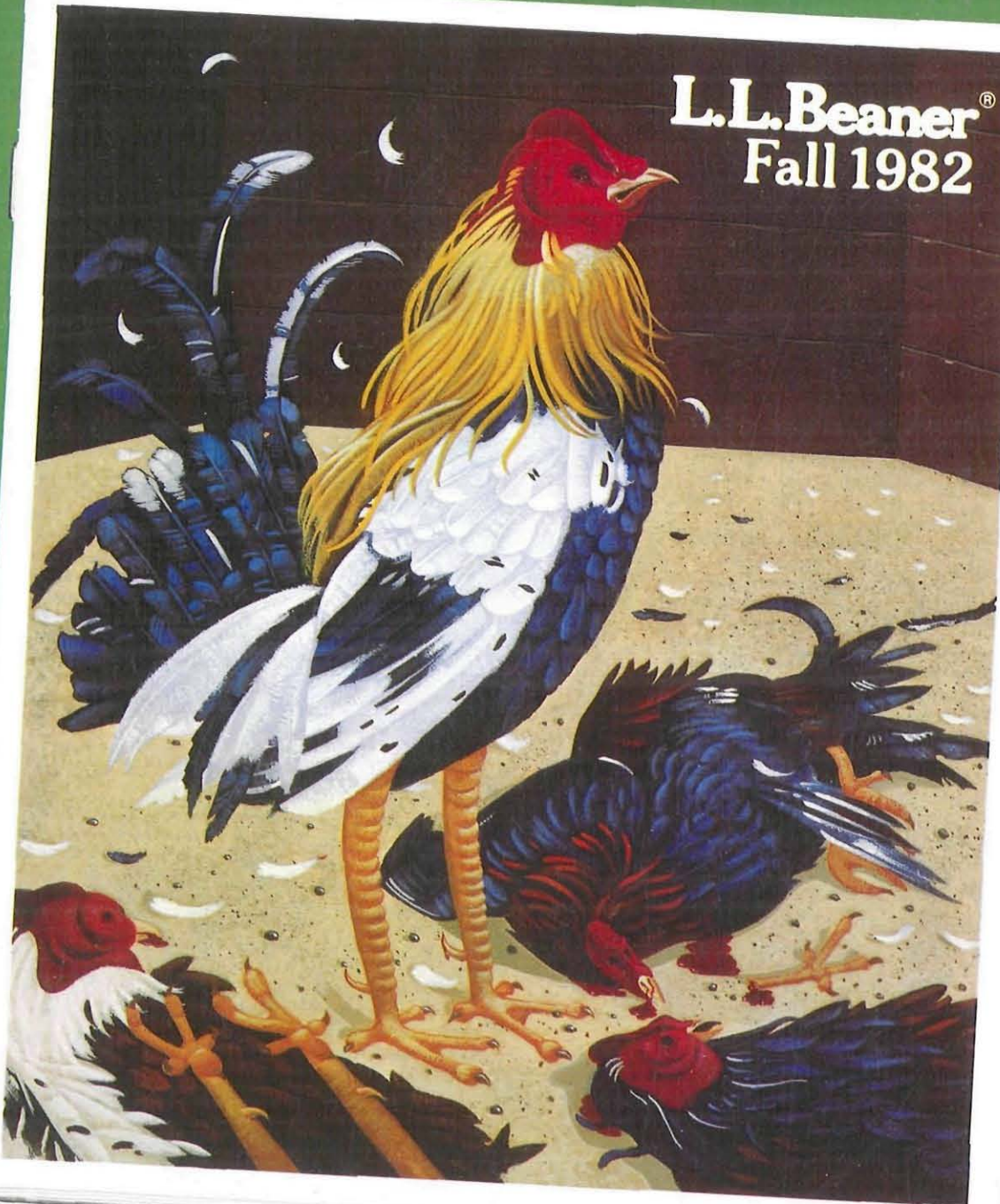


Illustration: Robert Crawford

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Color:
Olive Drab



L. L. Beaner Numbers Runner's Vest®

A longtime favorite with professional numbers runners, this vest is sturdily constructed of Zoomar cloth, a blend of polyester and animal yarns woven into an ultra-tight fabric that is highly resistant to blood, alcohol, and urine stains. Contains nineteen outside pockets, a hidden zipper bag, four inside pockets—all ideal for holding your policy slips, pens and pencils, notebooks, and other numbers-running equipment. The vest is designed to be oversized so that you can slip out of it and ditch it in seconds if you are about to be caught by the law. Wear it under your regular clothing in the winter. Wear it with a shirt or sweater in the spring, or on your bare chest in the summer. A very handsome and versatile garment that will greatly assist you in your work.

Color: Olive Drab
Men's sizes: Medium-Large, Large,
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#1876—Numbers Runner's Vest
\$19.95, ppd.



Four colors:
Blue, Green,
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Beaner's Numbers Runner's Notebook

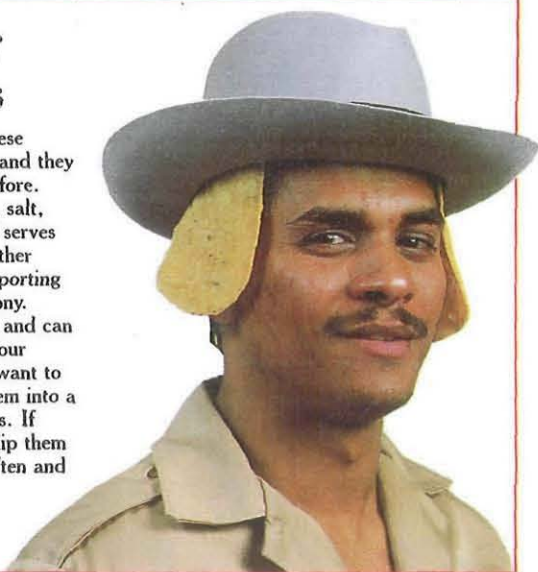
A handsome, sturdy, and easy-to-use record book for all your numbers entries. Lined paper makes it easy to write or to list your clients neatly. Spiral binding for easy tear-off. Has a calendar for the entire year, an astrology chart, a listing of all major American and Latin holidays, and many blank sheets for special notations. Vinyl jacket resists wear and tear. A professional-style notebook used by many of the most respected runners in the field. Colors: Blue, Green, Yellow, Red
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Mr. Beaner has been wearing these tortilla flaps for over twelve years, and they are more popular now than ever before. Made of genuine corn meal, water, salt, and fluffy material, the tortilla flap serves as an excellent earmuff in cold weather while you're watching an outdoor sporting event or committing an outdoor felony.

The flaps are durable and warm and can be folded and put away neatly in your pocket. If you're very hungry and want to eat them, it is preferable to pop them into a 350-degree oven for twenty minutes. If there is no oven available, simply dip them in a hot-pepper sauce until they soften and become chewy.

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Color: Dark brown.

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A genuinely formidable weapon that is a must for anyone "cruising" the bars or on unfamiliar turf without any other weapons at his disposal. This beer bottle has been prebroken and sharpened in our own factories to our highest specifications. The glass is specially treated and hardened to give you years of trouble-free service. Just the right length of bottle neck is left for you to get a good grip. Lots of sharp edges allow you to inflict plenty of damage on your first swipe, even more than with a knife thrust. Comes with a handy genuine-leather bottle holder that snaps on to your belt or can be used as a shoulder holster. A favorite of Mr. Beaner and his buddies for over forty-five years. Three brands available: Cucaracha, Maricón, Cuchifrito

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#1987 Cucaracha #1988 Maricón
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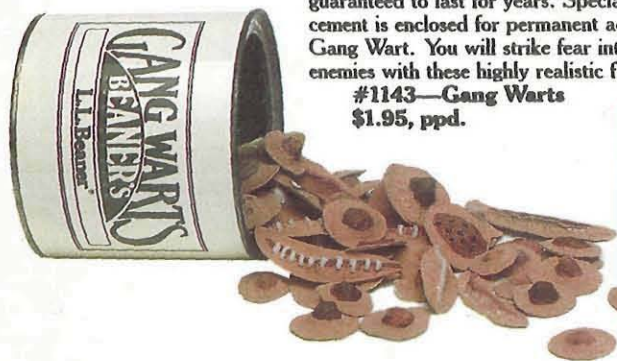


Three brands:
Cucaracha,
Maricón,
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L. L. Beaner Gang Warts

For youth-gang members who feel that they do not look menacing enough, we have designed our own facial improvements that make you look one hundred times tougher and meaner than you really are. Each box of Gang Warts contains over 100 different facial applications, including big black warts and blotches, ugly scars, deep red knife gashes, bullet holes, and much more. All the Gang Warts are made of high-impact plastic, guaranteed to last for years. Special high-bond epoxy cement is enclosed for permanent adhesion of your Gang Wart. You will strike fear into the hearts of your enemies with these highly realistic facial aids.

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For the true aficionado, the man who goes to the bullfights for the sport rather than to get drunk, flirt with women, and shout *Olé!* at the wrong time. Hand made for us, by the respected matador-doorknob-carving firm of Pedro Maricón y Flan, of the finest Honduras mahogany. Hand painted in a moisture- and mildew-resistant, waterproof acrylic finish.
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Beaner's Original Felony Shoe®

Mr. Beaner first developed this shoe in 1978. He was tired of getting caught in a chase by a bunch of overweight cops or young women or homosexuals who just happened to be on the scene while he was shoplifting or purse-snatching. He knew that the problem was his shoes. Leather shoes had good breathing qualities but were too heavy for distance running. Tennis sneakers were good for fast sprints but lacked durability for long chases. After many years of jail sentences and fines he got sick of his inadequate shoes and developed a totally new model that did away with all the disadvantages of his previous shoes. He called it the Beaner Felony Shoe.

You will notice the practical advantages of Mr. Beaner's design as soon as you slip these shoes on your feet. They weigh just a few ounces, yet the leather-nylon fabric offers extra-long wear and perfect comfort. No breaking in is necessary. Generous toe box and form-fitting heel cup assure a perfect fit where it counts. The soles are featherweight, high-impact rubber with a shock-absorbing tread—perfect for running through city streets, in empty lots, and on rooftops. You can jump from three-story windows with little or no aftereffect. The nylon-leather uppers are water-resistant. The total effect of the Beaner Felony Shoe is like running on air—just bouncing along like a jackrabbit. Mr. Beaner personally guarantees that it will make you run at least 50 percent faster. He still uses his shoes for chases of up to ten miles with virtually no fatigue and no foot blisters or chafing afterward. As a result, we are sure that the Felony Shoe will give you at least a twenty- to thirty-yard lead over your pursuers. If you are not completely satisfied with your shoes, or if you are caught, have your mother send back the shoes. We'll give her a full refund, credit, or a replacement. Perhaps you'll prefer to choose another L. L. Beaner product when you get out of prison or reform school.

For a small extra charge we can redesign your Felony Shoes to include a knife holder, a secret compartment for your drugs, a clip-on toe bayonet that can inflict heavy damage, and a special see-through plastic rain guard that slips over your shoes for extra protection.

We also offer monogramming (your initials), custom-dyed colors, and heavy-duty spiked soles for stomping and emergency street fighting.

Your L. L. Beaner Felony Shoes should last you a long time, but if you think they are wearing out, send them back and we'll try to repair them. We're not in the shoe-repair business, but Manuel, a guy who works for us, and his cousin Jesus know a man in Florida who is supposed to do very good work on Felony Shoes. We can send your shoes to this man, but we need a \$1 deposit from you so that he knows the job is legitimate. We will pay you back the \$1 when the shoes are ready, because we guarantee everything 100 percent and the repair job is free. Allow about six months for the repair, or maybe longer, because Manuel is not sure exactly where this guy lives in Florida. He thinks it's North Miami. Please do not worry about your shoes getting lost. We can always send you another pair. Our reputation is more important than a pair of stinking Felony Shoes, you can be sure of that.



Mr. Luis L. Beaner
holding his Original Felony Shoe

Mr. Beaner honestly believes that these are the finest outdoor specialty shoes ever made. And we continue to make improvements and modifications every year to make the shoe even better. In any case, we try our best to maintain the highest standards of quality and craftsmanship started by Mr. Beaner over two years ago. If our Felony Shoes let you down in any way, let us know. Mr. Beaner has some very good contacts downtown and in the legal profession who can handle your case for a small fee. The names of his lawyers and bail bondsmen are enclosed in the shoe box that comes free with your Felony Shoes. Don't hesitate to call them if you need them. They'll have you on the street with your fresh Felony Shoes in no time.



L. L. Beaner Felony Shoe
#1342—Men's sizes 6½–14
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Beaner's Decorative Fighting Cock Lamps

A superb addition to your den, rec room, or social club, for both its illumination qualities and its uncanny accuracy of reproduction. Hand carved out of pure wood by the switchblade artisans of West Los Angeles, in the shape of two of the most famous fighting cocks who ever lived—El Topo and the Flying Burrito. Hand-painted finish. Mounted on a sturdy plastic base that closely resembles wood. These lamps will become real conversational pieces among your buddies and will give you many hours of lighting enjoyment.

Decorative Fighting Cock Lamp

(bulbs not included)

#5241—El Topo

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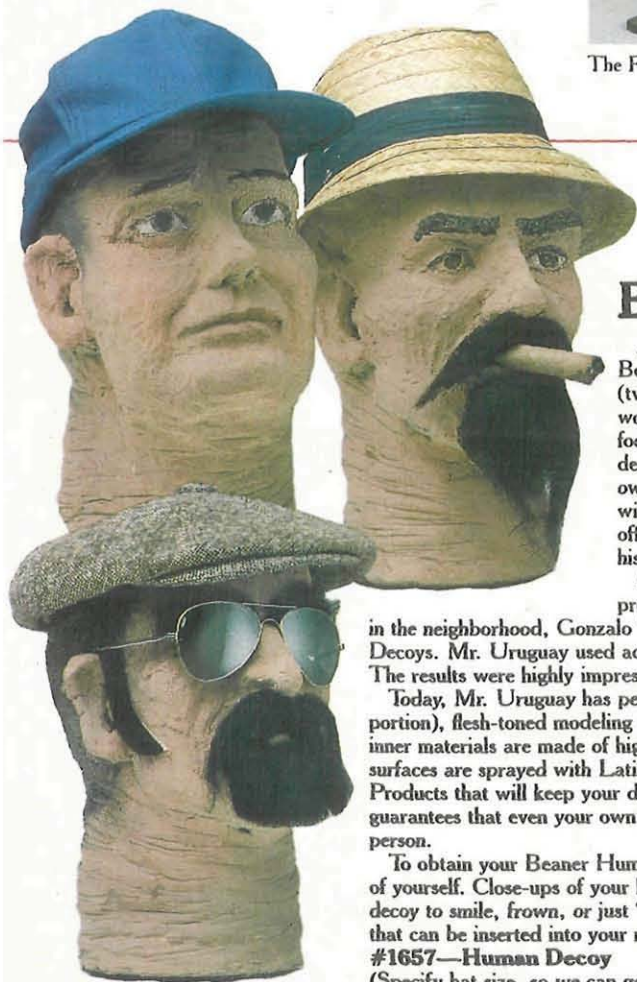
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The Flying Burrito.



El Topo.



Beaner's Human Decoys

After many attempts on Mr. Beaner's life over the past few years (two of which resulted in severe wounds), he realized that he had to fool his enemies with a special kind of decoy, an exact likeness of himself, his own "head," which could be placed on windowsills and in other areas, offering the perfect phony target for his attackers.



He engaged the services of the most prominent woodcarver and slice man

in the neighborhood, Gonzalo "Chi-Chi" Uruguay, to create the first set of Beaner Human Decoys. Mr. Uruguay used actual pictures of Mr. Beaner in order to create a perfect likeness. The results were highly impressive, and many of Mr. Beaner's enemies were snuffed out.

Today, Mr. Uruguay has perfected his techniques, using a lead-weighted base (for the neck portion), flesh-toned modeling clay for the facial details, and patches of real hair for the hair. The inner materials are made of high-impact plastic and plenty of real wood where it counts. The surfaces are sprayed with Latinoguard®, a water-repellent treatment developed by Goya Food Products that will keep your decoys impervious to inclement weather conditions. Mr. Beaner guarantees that even your own mother could not tell the difference between your decoy and the real person.

To obtain your Beaner Human Decoy, send us at least two or three good-quality, recent pictures of yourself. Close-ups of your head and face, in color, are preferable. Specify if you want your decoy to smile, frown, or just "hang out." Optional extras include detachable cigarettes and cigars that can be inserted into your mouth, and various hats, scars, and birthmarks.

#1657—Human Decoy \$22.50, ppd.

(Specify hat size, so we can get the right dimensions for your head.)



KĀ-SI ATTA BAT

BY SEAN KELLY AND RICK MEYEROWITZ

Not brilliant was the outlook for the Yokohama Prawn—
The score stood four to two, with eight and one-half
innings gone.

But the fans loved *basa boru*, and so in the stands
they sat,
And hoped for one more chance to watch Kā-Si-san come
to bat.

Go, Nagasaki Goldfish! Yokohama Prawn, hurrah!
Hot saki here! Cold Kirin! Sushi, get it while it's raw!
With stoic calm they watched two hitters pop to shallow
short.

Of scorn they gave no raspberry, nor of disgust a snort,
Although they knew Frin (who was small)
and Burake (who was fat)
Would have to stay alive to bring
Kā-Si-san to the bat.

But with Zen patience Frin just stood,
and somehow drew a walk,
And after Burake and the third-base
coach had had a talk
Concerning kamikaze, Bushido,
and loss of face.

The fat man caught a fastball in
the ear, and took his base.
Now the Kabuki cheerleader,
a white-faced acrobat,
Leapt up and led a chorus of
“Kā-Si-san atta bat!”

You may well wonder (while they give their
neat, preprogrammed cheer)

Just how that diamond superstar came to be playing here:
Men's motives may be many, but the yen to win is why
The vaunted slugger had become a Rent-a-Samurai.
The Mudville owners wouldn't pay the wages he was worth,
So Casey took his glove and bat halfway around the earth.
By geishas he was entertained, and on tempura dined,
He was honored, he was worshiped, and eventually signed,
To play his nation's pastime in the nation of Nippon,
As the round-eyed gate attraction of the Yokohama Prawn,
Where the scoreboards and the stadiums and the bullpens
look the same,

But just a little *smaller*—a
scale model of The Game.



He strode out of the dugout, swinging half a dozen bats,
Through a blizzard of kimono belts and meditation mats.
His muscles flexed, his knuckles white, his visage set and
grim,

He dug in with his cleats, and then—the umpire *bowed* to
him!

A pause. The umpire bowed again. How formal. How
discreet.

Our hero sent a gob of Red Man splashing at his feet.
“Ah, so!” the umpire murmured, and he signaled to
the mound.

The pitcher nodded, stooped, and rolled the ball
along the ground!

While Casey watched, amazed, it
reached the plate, and there stopped
dead.

“Hey, what the hell...” said Casey.
“Stlike one!” the umpire said.

Now Casey stepped out of the box,
and looked up at the stands.
Not a single soul was shouting.

They were sitting on their hands.
The players in the dugout, the coaches
down the lines

Were quiet as the bodhisattvas
in their roadside shrines.

Once more the umpire smiled and
bowed, and once more Casey spat.

He grabbed his crotch and crouched and
sneered and twitched his mighty bat...

This time, the pitcher lobbed the ball somewhere not
far from third.

And Casey shook his head, because the only thing
he heard

Was the umpire saying, “Stlike two!” and no other
sound at all,

For the silence was so perfect, you could hear
a lotus fall.

Now Casey threw his helmet. Now Casey lost his cool.
He called the ump a dog's child, out of wedlock born,
a fool;

Set out upon a stomping, spitting, shouting,
swearing spree;

And stopped to catch his breath, and heard the
umpire say, “Stlike thlee!”

Two hits. Two left. No runs. O shame! O terrible
disgrace!

O awful loss of ball game! More awful loss of face!

Now, Casey thinks, “Can't win 'em all... wait 'til next...
what the hay?!”

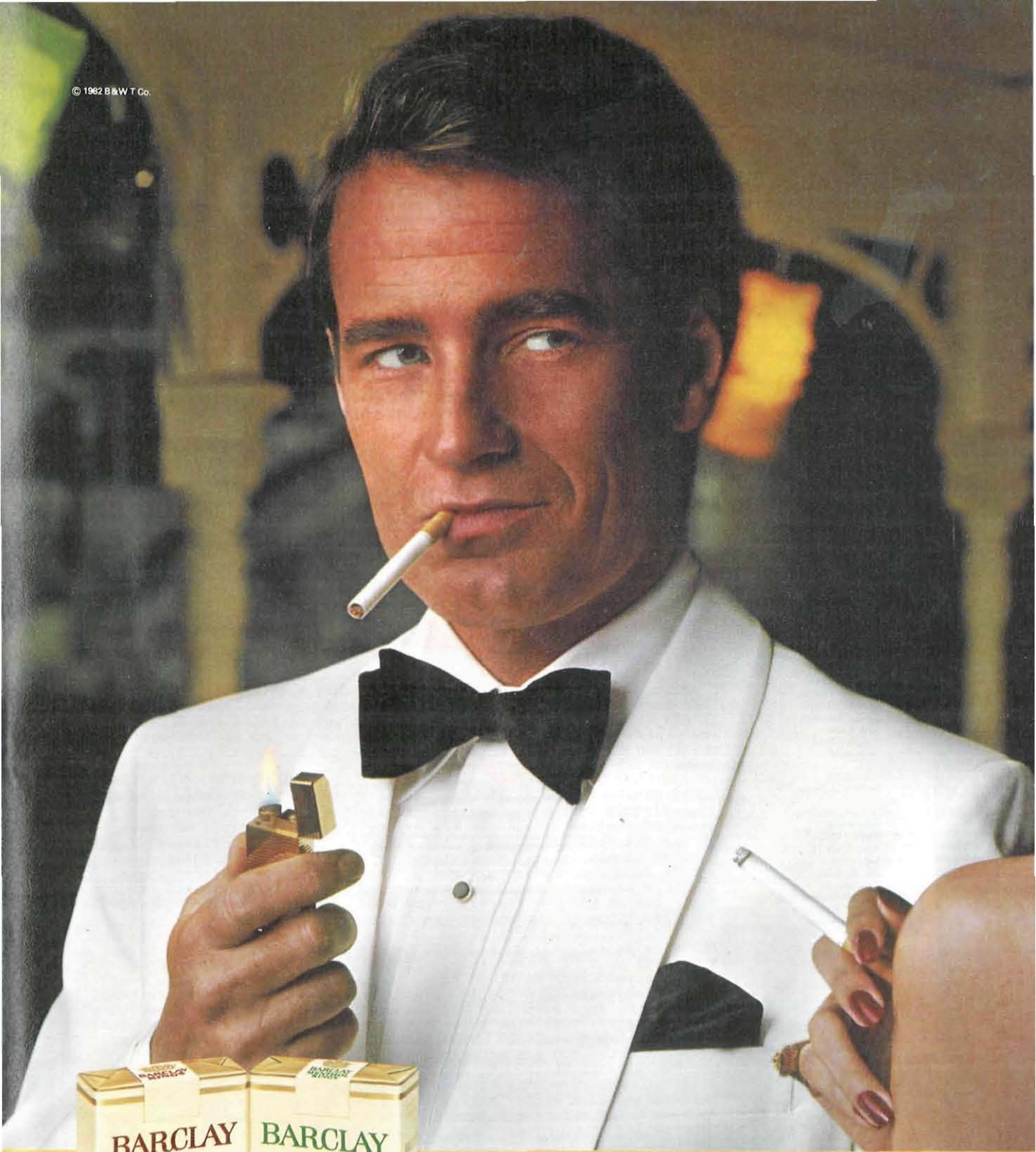
For the coach is looking at him in the most
peculiar way,



Not a fan has left the bleachers, and his teammates
gather 'round,
Looking sad and kinda solemn, and nobody makes a
sound...
And just now Casey notices the batboy coming toward
Home plate, where Casey's still standing, and...
he's carrying a sword!
It's raining in the Favored Land. They've had
to call the game.
But there's joy in Yokohama, where they honor
Kā-Si's name,
For there's nothing more exciting to the fans of old
Nippon
Than an executed sacrifice, when the suicide
squeeze is on!



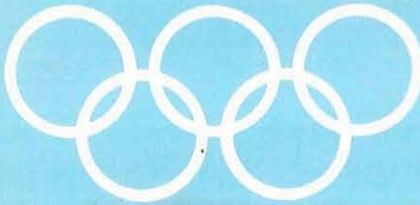
Rich Meyerowitz



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



LOS ANGELES

BY GERALD SUSSMAN AND JOHN WEIDMAN



The Los Angeles County Olympics Committee

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BEVERLY HILLS, CAL. 90021 TELEPHONE: 1-800-555-6079 TELEX: LIMPIX, LA

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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A Message from Maureen Reagan

July 4, 1982

Dear Media Person:

Hello! And welcome to the first "sneak preview" of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games! As cochairperson of the Los Angeles County Olympics Committee, I've helped prepare this special Media Guide "Preview-Pac" for you and a select group of your colleagues. In it you will find a jam-packed treasure trove of facts and figures, everything you need to know about what's shaping up as the most thrilling sports event in human history—the Los Angeles Olympic Games!

Looks like my pride is showing, doesn't it? Well, if it is, I'm not the only one. From the barrios of East Los Angeles to the boardrooms of Century City, from the gritty, "get down" style of Watts to the Old World elegance of Bel Air, up and down the freeways from Ventura to the Valley, everywhere you go in Tinseltown these days, you'll find Los Angelenos working overtime to make our city shine a little brighter, smile a little wider, all building toward the magic moment when we finally throw our doors and windows open wide and say, "Come on in, world! We're ready for you!"

And when we say you, we mean you, media person! We want you to be a special part of this titanic undertaking, with its ninety-four events spread over eighteen days, its 7,000 athletes speaking over thirty languages (Mon Dieu!). To make sure you don't miss the boat, or miss the fun, we'd like to recommend that you start to plan your coverage now. Take time to skim the printed matter we've assembled for you. Any questions? Just pick up a phone and call me, either at the special 800 number listed above, or at my home in Santa Monica (213-555-2661). If I'm not in, my service will pick up and I'll get back to you as soon as possible. But don't delay! As three-time Oscar winner Marvin Hamlisch puts it in his specially commissioned, out-of-this-world anthem, with these games "the Olympics return to Olympus!" And you won't want to miss a minute of it!

God bless you,



Maureen Reagan

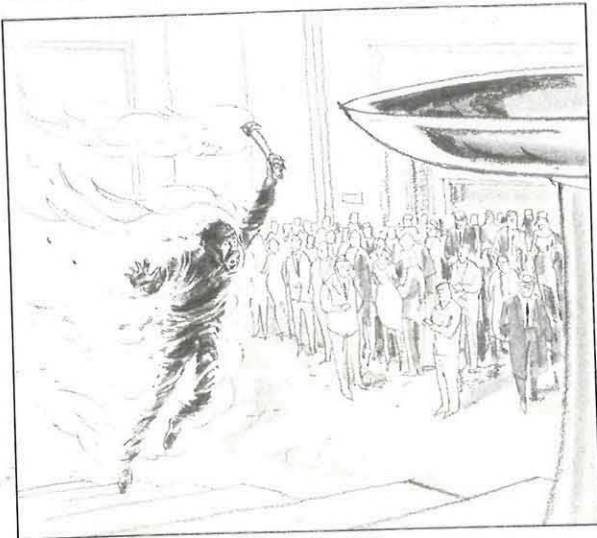
THE LOS ANGELES OLYMPIC GAMES: "THE OLYMPICS RETURN TO OLYMPUS!"

OLYMPICS PRESS KIT

THE OLYMPIC FLAME

BURN ON, ETERNAL TORCH!

Kindled "on location" at the very peak of towering Mount Olympus, then whisked birdlike via Western Airlines Boeing 747 across half the world, the fiery flame that symbolizes the unquenchable Olympic spirit will touch down at Los Angeles International Airport at exactly 9:11 on the morning of the Opening Ceremonies. From LAX, the burning beacon will proceed "by hand," transported through the streets of Inglewood and Culver City by an all-star relay team consisting of some fifty-seven specially selected "flamers"—Dr. Jerry Buss, Marcus Allen and three former USC and UCLA Heisman Trophy winners, Mrs. Justin Dart, Lieutenant Governor Mike Curb, Paul Westhead, Morgan Fairchild, Marcel Dionne, seven members of the cast of "Hill Street Blues," five members of the San Jose State volleyball team, Mayor Bradley's cousin Junior, and Max Rafferty, to name a few. Anchoring the relay team, and running the last lap into resplendent L.A. Coliseum, where the great Olympic torch will be ignited to burn with the brilliance of a southern-California brush fire for the Games' duration, Mr. Greased Lightning himself, twice nominated for the Golden Globe Award as Entertainer of the Year, Official Comedian to the Los Angeles Olympic Games—Mr. Richard Pryor!



Artist's rendering of official relay anchorman Richard Pryor, as he will scamper up the steps at the L.A. Coliseum, the Olympic flame borne blazingly aloft.

ACCOMMODATIONS

WELCOME TO L.A.

Athletes accustomed to the cramped, make-do accommodations of prefab Olympic Villages are in for quite a shock when they "check in" to our fair city, for hospitality-minded Angelenos are rolling out the plush red carpet that spells "welcome" in a novel way—and saving California taxpayers a pretty penny in the bargain! Justly proud of our exquisite homes and nonpareil hotel facilities, the Los Angeles Olympics Committee has designed a lodging program personally tailored to the needs of each and every national team, a program guaranteeing each athlete an unforgettable experience in gracious southern-California living. Some will stay in private homes, others in hotels and motels in the area. The runners from Zimbabwe, for example, will be put up at the plush Bel Air estate of Norman Lear (and Mrs. Lear says she can't wait until they taste her "crispy, southern-style fried chicken"). Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda will be playing host to both the Cuban basketball team and the Chinese gymnasts; Jim Brown will be "tucking in" the female Swedish sprinters; and the entire team from Mexico will travel via courtesy express bus to the heart of East Los Angeles, where its members will be encouraged to find relatives or friends-of-friends prepared to "spare a bed." Meanwhile, the bungalows at the Beverly Hills Hotel will be the special province of Steve Ovett, Sebastian Coe, and other members of the British track team (much sought after guests, thanks to the spirit-soaring triumph of *Chariots of Fire*); field-hockey teams from Pakistan and Nepal will be quartered at the mind-expanding Magic Motel; and the entire French and German squads will be ensconced at L'Hermitage, with valet parking, "training specials" added to the supper menu in the dining room, and complimentary splits of Gatorade and "continental" breakfasts served each morning in the athletes' rooms.



The gates of hospitality will swing open as all Angelenos welcome athletes from the far-flung corners of the globe.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

Rome, Munich, Montreal — these and other past hosts of the Games have been required to levy heavy taxes on their citizens in order to construct elaborate stadia to house the competitions... but not so Los Angeles! Unlike the culture-rich but sports-poor capitals of ancient Europe, Los Angeles abounds in sports facilities and "sports appropriate" facilities as modern as tomorrow. From the basketball court at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion to the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel, when the Games begin, all Los Angeles becomes a playing field, all Orange County an arena!

PARTIAL LISTING OF EVENTS AND VENUES

Event	Venues
Track and Field	Memorial Coliseum, Dodger Stadium
Gymnastics	UCLA Field House
Boxing and Freestyle Wrestling	The Forum
Swimming	USC Alumni Pool, The Porpoise Tank, Marineland of the Pacific
Kayaking and Canoeing	Ghost Mountain Flume Ride, Magic Mountain Theme Park
The Steeplechase	The Back Lot, Universal Studios
Greco-Roman Wrestling	La Brea Tar Pits
Equestrian Events	O.K. Corral Barbecue and Picnic Area; Knott's Berry Farm
The Marathon	San Diego Freeway (Exits 9-17, southbound, left lane, off-peak hours)

AND THE WINNER IS...

The medals — silver, bronze, and gold — the tangible rewards of excellence... surely their presentation is the highlight of each Olympics competition. And who knows more about presenting such awards with glamour, style, and grace than we do here in southern California? Here's what to look for at a typical Los Angeles-style medal ceremony:

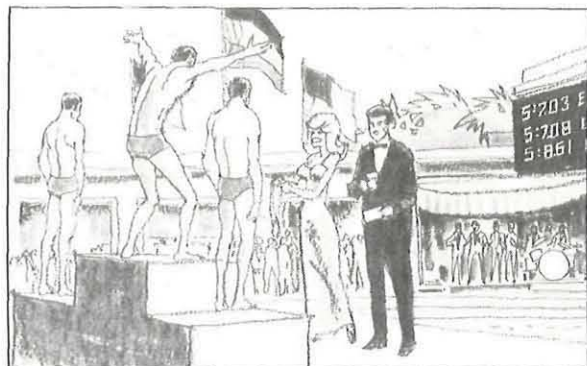
1) In place of stodgy representatives from the Olympics Committees of obscure and often hostile nations, teams of "Oscar seasoned" celebrity presenters, organized and supervised by Linda Evans and George Segal, will be handing out the honors, adding that distinctive "touch of class" for which our town is justly famous.

2) To guarantee the absolute integrity of the results, all final timings will be verified by representatives of the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse, then kept in strictest secrecy until the moment when "the envelopes" are finally opened.

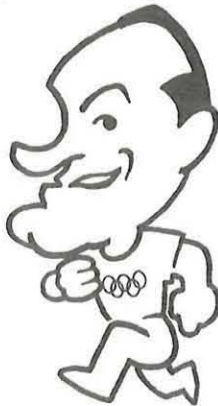
3) To insure that every record that is set will live forever, all results will be compiled by Irving Wallace, David Walchinsky, and a dozen members of the Wallace/Walchinsky clan, then published in a mammoth paperback original, *The Almanac of the Olympics Lists*.

4) Instead of the expected, ho-hum marching bands that have traditionally played at medal ceremonies, each gold-medal winner's national anthem will be rendered live, in person, by a group drawn from a pool of volunteer performers that includes the Pointer Sisters, the Ramones, and REO Speedwagon.

To be sure, each competition has its winners, but with ceremonies like these, we believe that no one really loses.



Artist's rendering of the medal ceremony following the fifty-meter freestyle, to be held in the world-famous pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Celebrity presenters Loni Anderson and James Brolin will do the honors, while the Commodores present their version of "Auferstanden aus Ruinen," the East German winner's national anthem.



The Los Angeles County Olympics Committee

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Bob Hope: Official Mascot of the 1984 Olympics!

Greetings from
Bob "Let's Kick a Little Commie Ass and Win Some Gold Medals" Hope:

It's really an honor and a thrill to be chosen official mascot of the 1984 Olympics, to be held right here in Los Angeles. Los Angeles, the only city where surfers can ride a smog wave to Pasadena without making a left turn. But seriously, the Olympic Games are the most exciting sporting event in the world. Where else can you see a seven-foot Bulgarian basketball player, a five-foot Japanese gymnast, and a ten-foot Pole. I was just kidding about the Pole. It's for pole vaulting. I just want you to know that we've got the biggest and best bunch of athletes I've ever seen and they're going to really bust a button for the good old U.S.

And speaking of athletes, we've got a secret weapon on our team—Warren Beatty. Warren has promised to abstain from sex for the next two years and go into training for the marathon. All that energy is going to be recycled into his legs. Wow! He'll make those Commie runners see Reds.

But enough idle chatter. You'll soon be seeing my adorable likeness on all the Olympic material—all the official souvenirs. See you at the Games—if you can break the traffic jams and find a parking spot!

Here are just a few of the Bob Hope souvenir mascot items soon to be on sale:



BOB HOPE
OLYMPIC
TOTE BAG



BOB HOPE
OLYMPIC
BEER MUG



BOB HOPE
OLYMPIC
COCKTAIL SHAKER



BOB HOPE
OLYMPIC
CREDIT CARD
HOLDER



BOB HOPE
OLYMPIC
COCKTAIL NAPKINS

THE LOS ANGELES OLYMPIC GAMES: "THE OLYMPICS RETURN TO OLYMPUS!"

Just as Music Is Called the "Universal Language,"
We Too Have Created a Universal Sign Language
So That Non-English-Speaking Athletes from All
Over the World Can Function Comfortably

Here are just a few of the signs in our International Visual Language:



SECURITYSECURITYSECURITY

There will be no security problems at the 1984 Olympics. Not only will we have the protection of the Los Angeles police force, the National Guard, and three private-detective agencies with licenses to kill, but a vast army of undercover agents will be present at every event. You can just relax and enjoy the show. You'll never recognize the agents, because they're in the show too, dressed as athletes.



Which one of these track stars is actually an undercover agent? That's for us to know and for the terrorists to find out.

A PORTRAIT OF GERTRUDE STEINBRENNER

BY RON BARRETT

Yanks' New Lesbo Boss Unveils Plans for Team

"GERT" STEINBRENNER, THE BRONX Bombers' feisty new owner, has taken the lid off plans to put the league-leading team in the vanguard of the modernist movement.

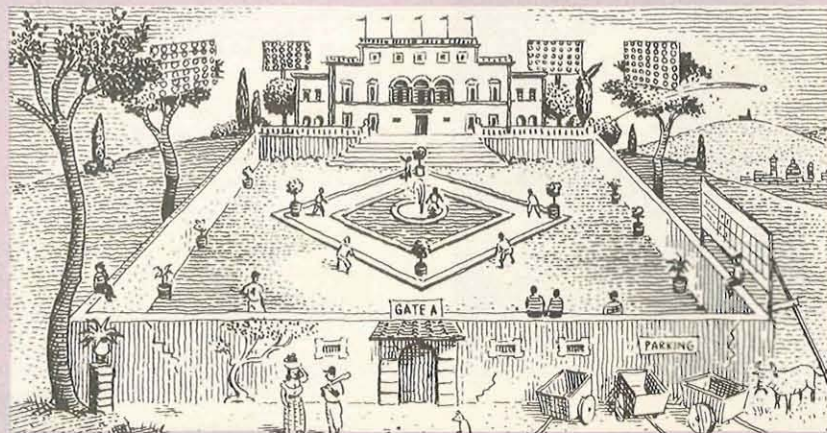
In a recent interview, Miss Steinbrenner said, "This team doesn't know diddly-squat about cubism and making sentences. Their nouns have no vitality. I'm just going to have to kick some ass around here."

Spring Training at Villa Ballparco

ALREADY PLANNING FOR NEXT season, the portly Yankee owner will take the team to the villa she and her brother rent on a hillside above Florence, Italy. "It'll be great for the boys," says Gert. "Chasing the ball down the hill into the city will run some of the fat off Bob Watson, and Phil Rizzuto has already offered to give the team a little extra workout on the boccie court. I just hope they don't break too many church windows."

New Cubist Field— Who's on Fifth?

TO BEGIN WITH, GERT HAS ORDERED a redesign of the field according to cubist principles, with eight bases, "in order to represent all views at once." A fan will have the experience of seeing the field as though he were sitting in the bleachers, up in the top deck, and behind home plate, all at the same time.





Francophile Dumps Franks

IN YET ANOTHER DRAMATIC MOVE, Miss Steinbrenner announced her appointment of Alice B. Toklas as the stadium's new *concessionnaire*. This Gallic-loving gal will replace the venerable hot dogs with *saucissons* and crusty baguettes. The vendors, who will don colorful smocks, are being taught to yell in French. A group of strolling sommeliers is also being readied to help the fans select from a comprehensive list of vintages.



Warming Up in the Salon

GERT'S TRADITION OF SATURDAY-night bull sessions will continue as she takes the helm of the Yanks. The pitching staff will meet for poetry, in what has been dubbed "The Bull Dyke Pen."

"Goose" Gossage hopes the arm woes that plagued him late in '81 won't cramp his writing style.

The hurlers can look for additional support if Gert keeps her promise to personally scout new butch talent in girls' softball leagues.

Winfield Applauds New Diaghilev-Inspired Uniforms

THEY CALL BALLET "BASEBALL FOR fairies." But now baseball will look like "ballet for jocks," at least on the Yankees.

It seems Miss Steinbrenner has been very impressed by the Ballet Russe production of *Scheherazade*. This fact is strikingly apparent in her designs for the new Yank uniforms. Dashing *jupes-culottes* are topped by a tunic with a wired hem that creates an elegant silhouette on the field.

The new batting helmet, a draped turban with an upstanding tuft of *aigrettes*, is a daring accompaniment to the elbow-length silk glove.

But one questions the mandatory heavy earrings, brooches, and strings of pearls, which will cost the Yankees valuable speed on the base paths.

However, Dave Winfield is extravagant in his praise of the new ensemble: "I like it! It makes me feel like the house nigger in a harem!" While DH Oscar Gamble is less enthusiastic: "I can't see sitting on no wired hem for nine innings."

The House That Russe Built

THE SKETCHES FOR THE REDECORATION of Yankee Stadium show once again the influence of the Ballet Russe. The seats will be torn out and replaced by bright, tasseled cushions lavishly embellished with gold and silver. Rare woods and unusual materials such as vellum, shagreen, and porphyry will be used extensively throughout the clubhouse and press facilities.

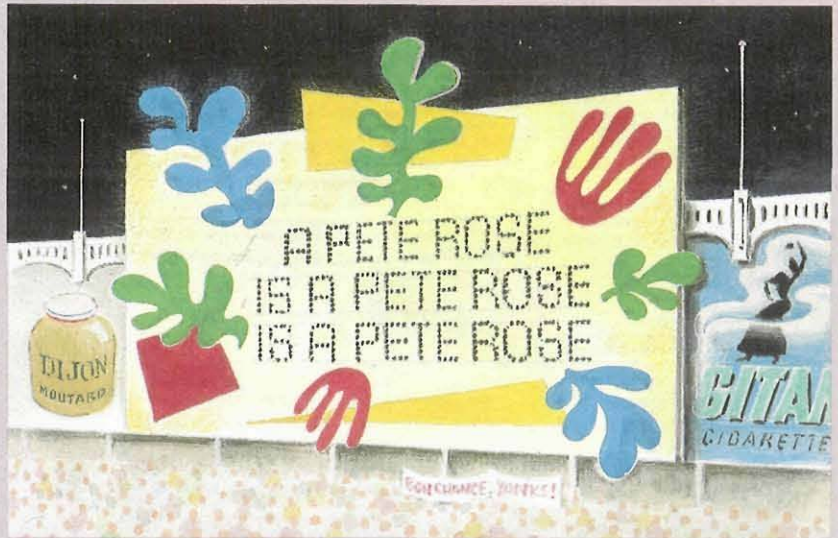


Scoreboard by Matisse

THE GUTSY LITTLE MISS STEINBRENNER has also come up with a bold concept for the main scoreboard, based on sketches made by Henri Matisse shortly before his death. It dispenses with the customary instant replay and substitutes a dramatic display of some of Gert's wittiest epigrams.

Miss Steinbrenner has also ordered all punctuation removed from other stadium scoreboards and signage.

Stadium advertisers too are joining the modernist movement. The Getty Oil Company has come forward to announce it will award a Jacques Lipchitz sculpture to any player who hits their sign in left center field.

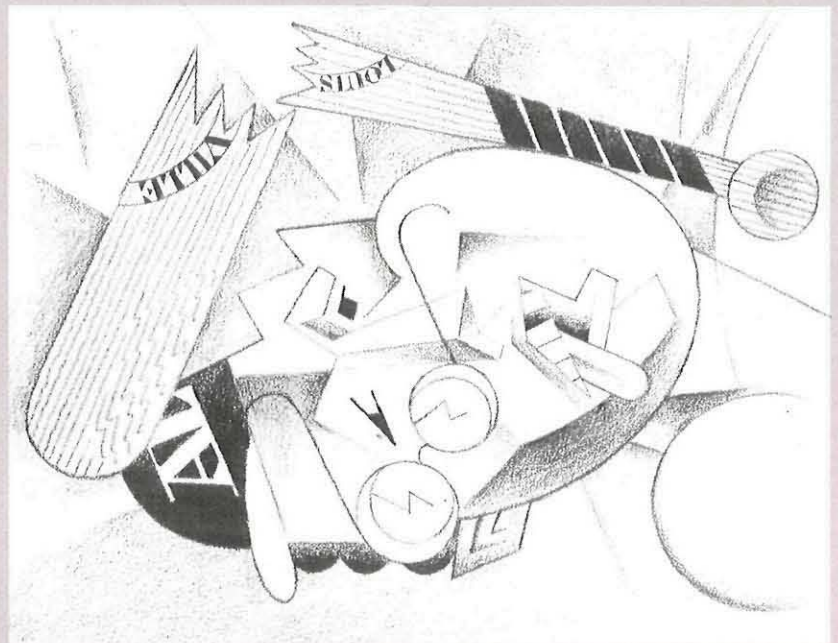


The Oeuvre of Yogi Beret

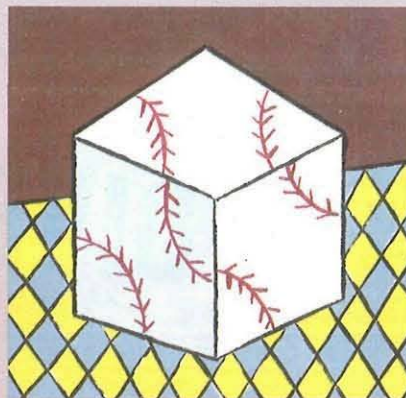
A KEY PART OF GERTRUDE'S PLAN HAS been to have the coaching staff attend oil-painting classes at the École des Arts Modernes, with the objective of having a group show on the outfield fence.



Broken Bat Single



L'Umpire est mort



Ball on Checkered Tablecloth

Who's Sorry Now?

REGGIE JACKSON HAS BIG REGRETS about his recent move to the L.A. Angels: "I've always loved Gert's writing. Her prose is purer than Gide and Hemingway put together. And I've got no quarrel with cubism. It's something I've always felt spiritually close to. When my contract with the Angels is up, if Gert offered me two million with an escalating clause tied to the take at the gate, why, I'd be on the next flight!" ■

SAFETY + FIRST!



NEVER DIVE ALONE

BY WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:
What about this plan the Catholics have to update the mass by substituting bite-size Bit O' Honey's for the traditional tasteless wafer? The candy company is already planning to cash in by renaming their product Bit O' Christ. Sure, it'll bring the kids into the church, but the wife and I are concerned about their teeth.

Jim Bakker
c/o The PTL Tom-Tom Club

Sirs:
Increases in your monthly phone bill reflect our telephone service. Beginning next summer we will introduce into every home and business the Reminder Service Unit. This is a new telephone that begins to smell bad the moment your phone bill becomes overdue. Users may choose from our many models, including Princess Vomit, Traditional Ammonia, Decomposing Mickey Mouse, and French Wine Breath.

The Phone Company
Everywhere

Sirs:
Something's wrong with my foot! I've been sitting in this movie theater for a couple of hours and now it feels all numb and tingly. This guy next to me tried to tell me my foot is asleep! Is this possible? Can one part of my body be asleep while the rest of me is awake? And while I'm asleep, are other parts of me waking up and doing things I don't know about? This whole thing scares the shit out of me.

Andrew Sarris
Loews Thirty-fourth Street

Sirs:
Murderers are always looking for people to kill, and suicidal people are always trying to figure out a way to die. The Murder-Suicide Cooperative brings these two groups together. This way, murderers won't kill innocent victims, while suicides won't blow those great insurance benefits for their grieving relatives. If you belong to either of these categories, please register with us.

Hal Dellin
President, Murder-Suicide Cooperative

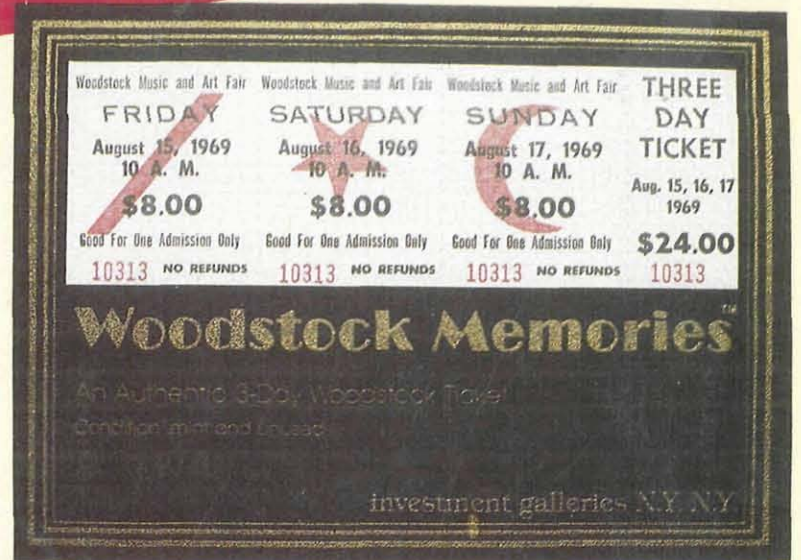
Sirs:
Could you please call my mom? She was supposed to pick me up an hour ago. This is my last stamp. *Click.*

Chrissy
Outside the theater

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

Special Limited
Offering

RARE WOODSTOCK TICKETS FOUND!



Now! The 60s Can Live Forever

The historic social phenomenon of mud, flowers and love in 1969 known as Woodstock is already an American legend. The greatest names in contemporary music played second-fiddle to the greater performance by the youth of America. This magical event is already an important historical landmark closing a decade of student activism this country can never forget.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

As record crowds swarmed in, ticket sales were called off, which is why some 10,000 unsold, mint condition tickets were found in a warehouse last spring.

They became instant collector's items. Each is perfect and each is numbered. 3-day Woodstock tickets, beautifully mounted (removeable-not glued) and framed in glass. Even their obvious investment potential is overshadowed by their very personal social, cultural and nostalgic significance to all of us who lived through America's tumultuous sixties.

FIRST-COME-FIRST-SERVED

We can now offer these rare and wonderful treasures on a first-come-first-served basis—for once they are gone, they cannot be replaced. Once sold out, all orders and checks will be immediately returned. Here's what you get:

*The original 3-day ticket, framed and ready for display

*Certificate of authenticity from the original printer

*Appraisal estimate for \$600 from famed Sotheby's of New York

Best of all, we can offer your Woodstock tickets for their original face value of \$24.00 plus \$6 for the handsome, protective mounting and framing under glass. Your total investment: \$30.00, despite the hefty \$600 appraisal!

An investment? An historical collectible? Or perhaps a priceless memento; an heirloom marking a unique and moving era for America. Those for whom this special event had meaning should order right NOW, for this limited offer, once concluded, can never come again!

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Please reserve and ship immediately. I have enclosed \$30.00 for each plus \$2.50 for postage and careful handling. I understand that if my tickets or frame should be damaged in any way I may return for a replacement or a refund in full. Rush my order to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Visa MC Intbk # _____

Acct. # _____ Exp. _____

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delights the senses . . .
involves you with ideas . . .
makes work and
play more creative!

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TP32

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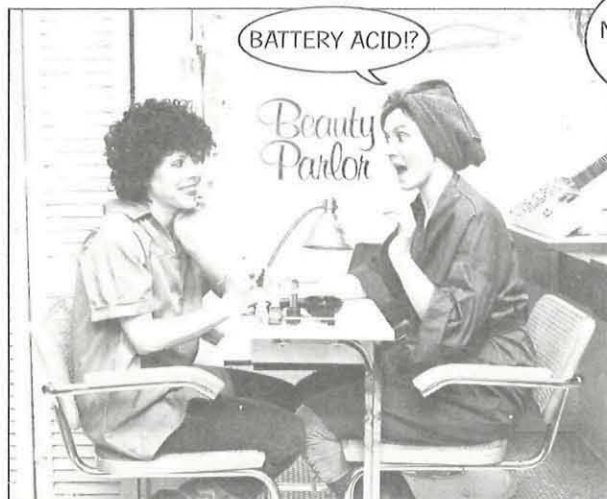
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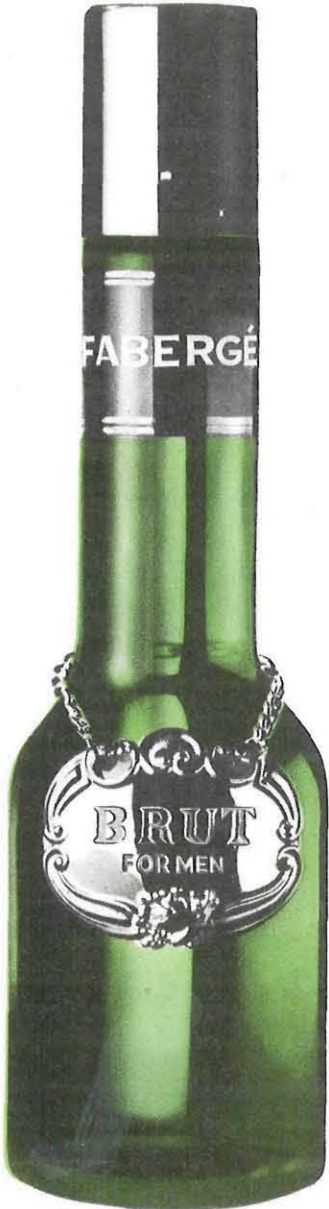
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Foto Funnies



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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75)

Sirs:

Hey, you guys are in the humor game, right? Then no doubt you are already familiar with our movie parodies. Like, for *Raiders of the Lost Ark* we wrote "Raiders of the Lost Blechhh." (*Chuckle*) And *The Empire Strikes Back* became "The Empire Strikes Blechhh." (*Chortle*) This brings us to our problem. We're going to do one of our biting satires of *Reds*, but we're afraid that if we call it "Blechhhs," nobody will get it. Any ideas?

William (Blechhh) Gaines
Mad Magazine

Sirs:

The latest craze here on the campus is a game called Rape. You stalk a coed, and then when you've got her alone, you touch her and tell her: "You've been raped." The object is to show how easy it is to rape someone. You shouldn't really rape them, though. Unless they're real pretty.

All the Guys
Phi Epsilon Theta

Sirs:

It's time we took a hard look at a problem that's plaguing our schools—namely, kids swearing. Tune in this Friday to our hard-hitting special report "Why Johnny Can't Swear." We've got some eye-opening film footage of our youngsters in schoolyards and on playgrounds, saying things like, "You big hell!" "I don't give a bastard!" and "How the cunt do I know?" If you're a parent, you owe it to your kids to watch. Parental discretion is advised.

A Bigwig at PBS
With his head up his ass

Sirs:

Jump in the lake! Your mother wears army shoes! Get lost! You're a jerk! Just a sample of the kinds of phrases you'll learn in my new class in assertiveness training. Only \$200 for four hours. Major credit cards accepted.

Dr. Melville Davidson
Malibu, Cal.

Sirs:

Do you know why Oriental Little League teams always beat American ones? 'Cause their players aren't kids, they're men. Little Taiwanese men. In disguise. That's why we always lose 50-to-zip. Just play those so-called Rittle Reague boys against the New York Yankees. I bet we'd kick their asses.

A Typical Little League Parent
Namely, an asshole

Sirs:

I just want to thank all of you who voted for me in the recent election for Ugliest Comedian in the Western World. I'm sorry to say, however, that most of the returns are in and Jimmie "Dyn-o-mite" Walker is in the lead.

David Brenner
Vegas

Sirs:

Yes, I bite my fingernails, and no, I won't do a week-long TV special warning people of the dangers involved. So don't ask.

Robert Evans
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

My next film is called *De Lighthouseen unt de Menen*. It is about a lonely man who moves to a lighthouse on the Swedish coast, in wintertime. He goes to this barren outpost so that he will have time to brood about past failures, to berate himself for past foolhardiness, and to agonize over long-dead love affairs.

People often ask me why are all my films so stifling and dark? Why so unremittingly depressing and hopeless? I will tell you why. It is because I was married to Liv Ullmann for years, and in all that time she never gave me a blowjob. Not once. Not even a little one. Can you conceive how depressing that was?

I forgot to tell you the last part of the film. It seems that the lighthouse that the lonely man moved to had been built only that same morning, at low tide. After the desolate man moves his few miserable belongings into the lighthouse, the tide comes in, the lighthouse is engulfed by the sea, and the man is drowned. The lighthouse, you see, was too short. Now leave me alone; I have a film to make and then I am going to kill myself.

Ingmar Bergman
Negatyevv Fjord, Sweden

Sirs:

This is a comedian chain letter. Copy this letter six times and send it to six comedians. Remove a joke from the bottom of the list and add your joke to the top of the list. In three months you will receive 1,751 jokes. If you break the chain, you will have seven years of bad jokes.

"Know why women have vaginas? If they didn't, no one would talk to them."

"Why did the Polack divorce his wife and marry an outhouse? The hole was smaller and it smelled better."

"Know why I got thrown out of the Boy Scouts? I got caught eating a Brownie in my tent."

Sirs:

I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy *National Lampoon's* covers, a lot of the pictures inside the magazine, and the first sentence or two of some of the articles.

One of Those Guys Who Flips Through the Magazine in the Store But Is Too Cheap to Buy It

Sirs:

Some say Charlie Finley is the biggest asshole in sports; others say it's Ted Turner. Honestly, what do you think?

George Steinbrenner
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I've never written a letter to anyone before, but your article was so great, so moving, that, well, look at me, I'm writing a letter! Let's see, how should I start? How are you? Gee, this is tough. I am fine. The weather has been great lately. Everybody is well. Jimmy (to the left in enclosed picture) is doing real good—still painting the straightest highway dividing lines in Iowa! And little Bessie (seated) got an A on her book report. It's hard to believe that another year has gone by. Things just seem to go so...

Mary Grant
Little Falls, Iowa

Sirs:

No doubt you too think that all those colorful banners and posters that you see at baseball and football games are homemade. You know, the ones with messages such as "ABC and Cosell are tops," "Way to go, Reggie," and "Steelers are #1." The truth is, the signs are made and distributed by my company, and the homemade look gives them that little extra touch. We are now developing a new line of banners for the home to celebrate family life, and we're interested in placing ads in your magazine. Our research has shown that your magazine appeals to the same redneck, bigoted, beer-swilling clowns who attend or watch athletic contests.

Bobby Lee Bland
Bland Posters

Sirs:

Hey, I just thought of something. You know when I sing "New York, New York"? Well, I was taking a shower when I thought, wow, that's just like the address: New York, N.Y.! Maybe I should work a zip code in during the bridge—it's never too late. What do you think?

Frank Sinatra
Blue Cataracts Beach, Fla.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)

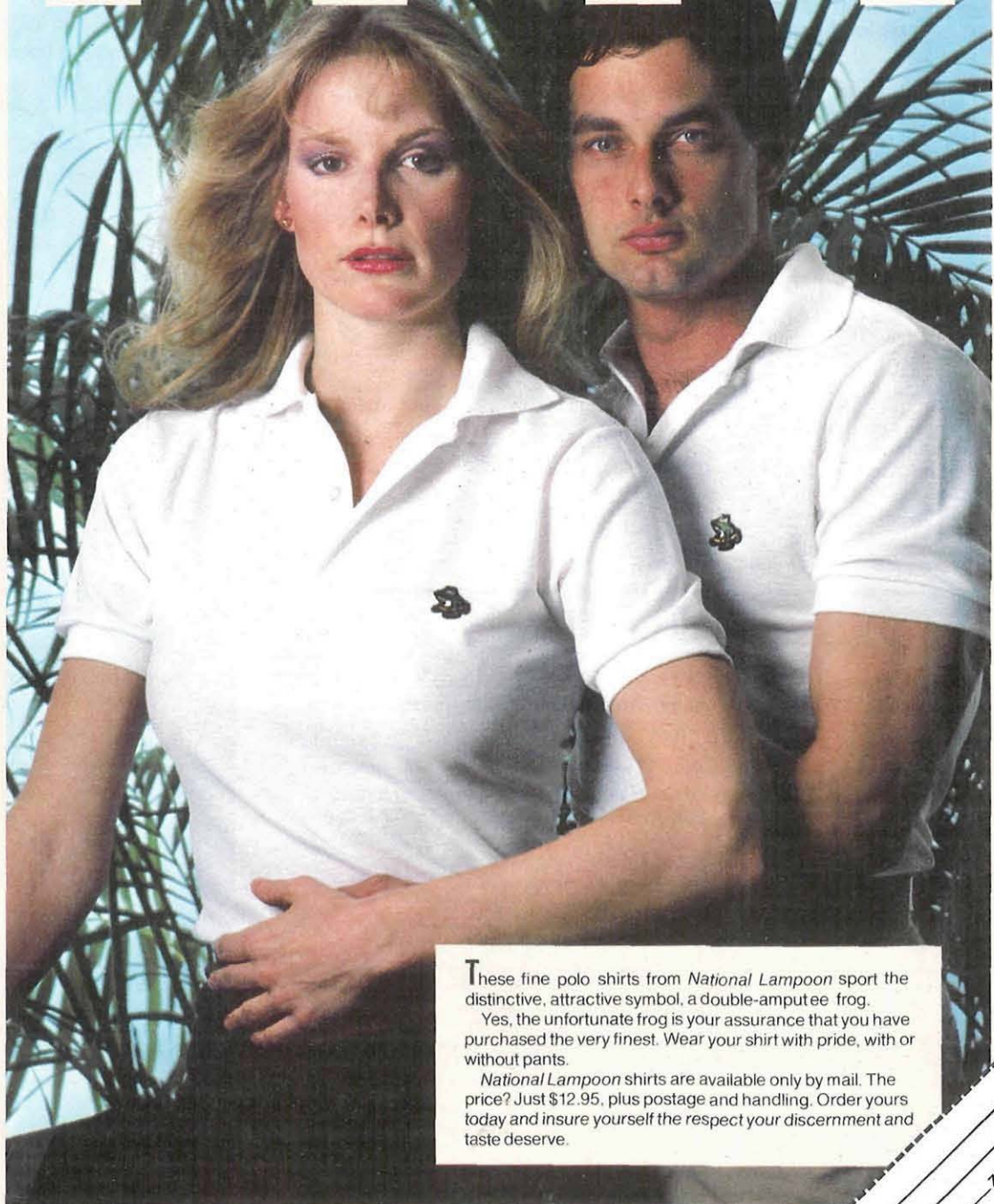


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Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant Stick Deodorant.
Effective glide-on protection
you can carry—plus
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F R O G



These fine polo shirts from *National Lampoon* sport the distinctive, attractive symbol, a double-amputee frog. Yes, the unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride, with or without pants. *National Lampoon* shirts are available only by mail. The price? Just \$12.95, plus postage and handling. Order yours today and insure yourself the respect your discernment and taste deserve.



Also available in blue and yellow at \$13.95 each.

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National Lampoon now offers the most prestigious shirt in America, and at a price that prestigious people can afford.

FROG DRAWING BY CARTOONIST SAM GROSS

GEOFFREY BARIS

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 Please send me _____ National Lampoon frog shirts at \$13.95 each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.
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 _____ small _____ medium _____ large
 I enclose \$ _____ to:
National Lampoon Dept.
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

TRUE SECTION

True Facts

ELKMAN ADVERTISING, AN agency representing the McDonald's hamburger chain in the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, area, issued a memorandum outlining McDonald's policy regarding radio advertising. According to the memo, McDonald's requires that an interim of fifteen minutes separate their ads from those of competitive advertisers on the air. The policy statement defined competitive accounts as "drive-in restaurants, full-menu restaurants, indigestion remedies, and dog food." (contributed by Tim Menowsky)

DAVID M. GRUNDMAN, TWENTY-seven, of Phoenix, Arizona, was in the desert outside Lake Pleasant blasting saguaro cactuses with a sixteen-gauge shotgun for target practice. After felling one of the big plants, which are protected under Arizona law, he fired at least two rounds into another, twenty-six-foot-tall saguaro. A friend who was with him told Maricopa County authorities that Grundman had just begun to shout, "Timber!" when the falling cactus crushed Grundman to death. *Arizona Republic* (contributed by John Pinckney)

AFTER REPORTEDLY BITING THE HEAD off a bat during a performance in Des Moines, Iowa, rock star Ozzy Osbourne sought medical treatment for rabies at two local hospitals, and health officials were asked to scour the concert site for the bat's body.

"I don't know if the bat was alive or not," said chief humane officer Frank Harmon. "All I know is Mercy Hospital asked us if we could find it."

Police officers in attendance at the Veterans Auditorium concert said they hadn't seen Osbourne bite the bat, but one uniformed cop said, "I saw him put

a couple of birds in his mouth, but he let them loose."

Another officer told a reporter that while he hadn't seen the bat incident either, he had noticed raw liver on the floor. *UPI* (contributed by M.J. Prymowicz)

ENGLISHTOWN SPORTSWEAR, LTD., manufacturers of Sergio Valente designer jeans, filed a \$1.5-million suit against Michael Lubin Byre, charging that the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, businessman "seeks to achieve an unfair competitive advantage at the expense of Englishtown's reputation... and makes its trademark the brunt of a cruel joke." Englishtown has asked the court to enjoin Byre from selling prophylactics under the trade name "Sergio Prevente." *Women's Wear Daily* (contributed by R.S. Byer)

THE NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE COMPANY staged a full-scale press conference attended by, among other media representatives, three television reporters, with cameras, lights, and sound

equipment. The dramatic announcement prompting the event was that the upcoming telephone directory would list names in four columns per page instead of five. *Providence Sunday Journal* (contributed by Hugh Danielson)

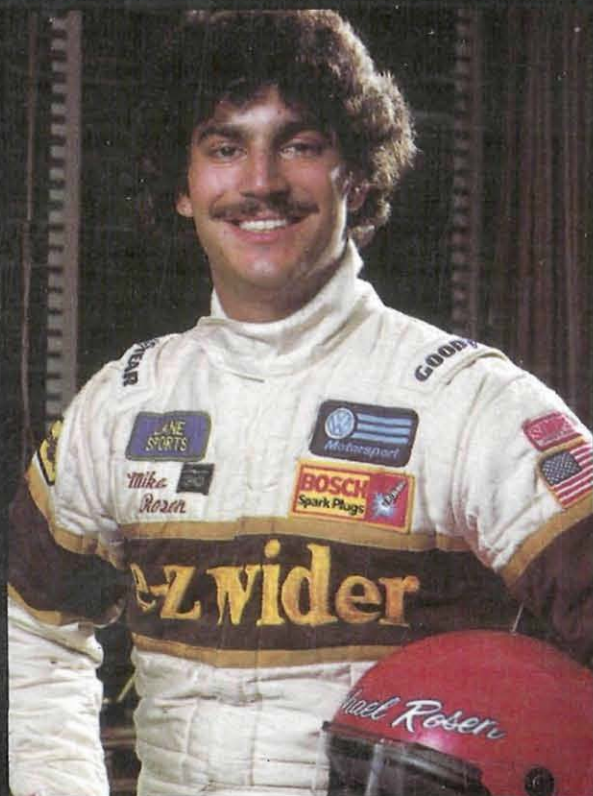
POLICE IN INNSBRUCK, AUSTRIA, were called in to investigate the death of Anneliese Schimana, whose body was found near an area where prostitutes commonly served customers in their cars. A police pathologist ruled that the thirty-one-year-old prostitute died in a work-related accident, having choked to death on her own false teeth while administering fellatio to a customer. *Agence France Press* (contributed by Hugh All)

TOM BROKAW TOLD REPORTERS THAT he first decided he wanted to work with Roger Mudd, his coanchor on the "NBC Nightly News," when during a visit to Brokaw's home Mudd put a paper towel on his head and wiggled his ears. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (contributed by Eric Ambro) ■

Photo for Thought



Kevin Cohen, Brunswick, Maine



The man's e-z.

He knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. And ever since he was a little kid there was one thing he wanted more than anything else: to be a professional racing driver.

His name is Michael Rosen and today he's one of the hottest young drivers on the motor-racing scene. At e-z wider we are very proud to be sponsoring Michael because his quest for excellence is a brilliant reflection of our own continuing dedication to quality and excellence in the products we make. You know them: e-z



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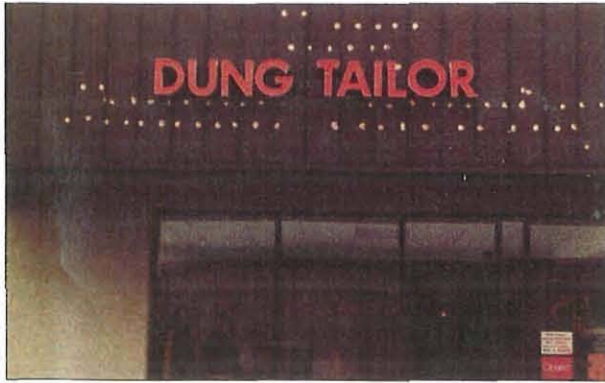
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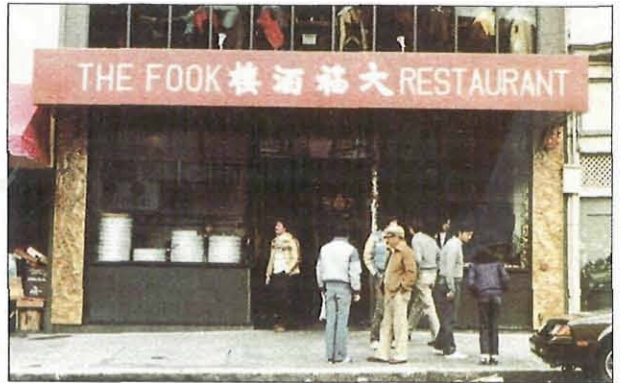


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The Oriental Slant



Christopher Currens, Austin, Tex.



W. Rhodes, San Francisco, Cal.



W. Rhodes, San Francisco, Cal.



Alan Rose



Jim Hunger, Klamath Falls, Oreg.



W. Rhodes, San Francisco, Cal.



N. P. Whitehead, Lexington, Va.



Fred Hoffman, Savannah, Ga.

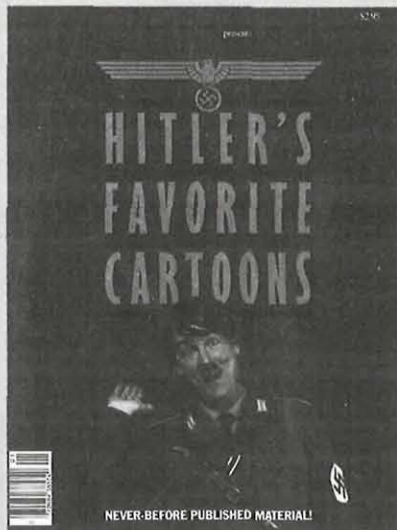
ONLY 1,000 SALE DAYS LEFT!

HITLER'S LIFE WAS MARKED BY A LOVE of cartooning. A lonely and frustrated cartoonist himself, he made repeated attempts to sell his cartoons to the magazines and newspapers of his day. This led to the well-known series of rebuffs that embittered the Austrian youth and caused him to throw himself wholeheartedly into politics and genocide.

Hitler's personal preferences in cartoons are well documented. He enjoyed those with a message, usually conveyed by strongly drawn characters notable for their large noses. Yet his tastes were changing, and by the close of 1944 he was much more inclined to favor gentler and subtler cartoons, one notable example being a drawing of Winston Churchill screaming in futile rage at an American bald eagle flying off with his genitalia in its beak.

With the aid of a computer, we were able to plot the changes in Hitler's tastes up to the present day, and, according to our computer model, had he lived, his favorite cartoons would have been those that we have collected here. We hope you will enjoy them as much as the Führer would have, had he been able to.

—Ted Mann



Sirs: Please send me _____ copies of *National Lampoon Presents Hitler's Favorite Cartoons* at \$2.95 each. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling. My check is payable to *National Lampoon*.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:
National Lampoon Dept. NL782
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Funny Pages

Deirdre Callahan: A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT THOSE WHO VIEW HER KILL THEMSELVES OR HAVE THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES BURNED OUT!

THE STORY: AT THE CITY DUMP (WHERE DEIRDRE LIVES WITH BLIND BOB) TRUCK DRIVER GUIDO SANTANGELO SEES HER HIDEOUS FACE! HE DESCRIBES THE FACE TO HIS WIFE WHO UNBEKNOWNST TO HIM STABS HERSELF! POLICE LATER ARREST AND CHARGE HIM WITH HER MURDER!!

CAPT. DOYLE IN CHARGE OF THE CASE CHECKS WITH COUNTY CORONER DR. PINNO GUCCI.

YOU GOT THE AUTOPSY REPORT ON THE SANTANGELO WOMAN, DOC?

AUTOPSY ROOM

I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU TOMORROW, CAPTAIN. I WAS TYPING IT OUT AND A COUPLE OF DUODENUMS GOT TANGLED UP IN THE TYPEWRITER AND JAMMED THE KEYS...

...BUT I CAN GIVE YOU A BRIEF OUTLINE. I OPENED HER UP MAKING THE STANDARD THREE AND ONE HALF FOOT INCISION FROM THE CHIN TO THE RIGHT KNEE CAP. THEN I INSERTED MY NO. 3 GUT CUTTER INTO HER BELLY...

AND SEVERED 12 FEET OF GUTS FROM THE LOWER BOWEL—REMOVING THE LIVER I THEN MINCED IT FOR ANALYSIS BY SPECTROGRAPH—THEN I HAD LUNCH.

...AFTER LUNCH I PROCEEDED TO REMOVE PARTIALLY DIGESTED FOOD REMNANTS FROM THE UPPER FRENETIC BOWEL. UTILIZING A CENTRIFUGE I SEPARATED BILE JUICES FROM THE TOMATO PEELS. PARMESAN CHEESE, 2.3 OUNCES OF AVOCADO AND 7 OUNCES OF A HOSTESS TWINKIE. THIS GAVE ME A DECAY FACTOR OF 6, PUTTING THE TIME OF DEATH AT 7:52 PM!

AND THE OFFICIAL CAUSE OF DEATH?

ASTHMA!

...WELL THEN, I GUESS WE CAN'T HOLD SANTANGELO...

HEY, SANTANGELO, YOU—OH—I GUESS OUT OF SORROW AND DEJECTION HE HAS FASHIONED A METAPHORIC ROPE AND HANGED HIMSELF.

MEANWHILE AT THE CITY DUMP BLIND BOB REGALES DEIRDRE WITH EXCITING TALES FROM HIS MANY YEARS OF SCAVENGING IN THE NATION'S DUMPS

...I REMEMBER ANOTHER TIME—AROUND EASTER I THINK—OR WAS IT ARBOR DAY? WELL, NO MATTER. I WAS POKIN' AROUND AND FINDS THIS JAR WITH THE CAP ON. I PICKS IT UP AND SHAKES IT—THERE WAS SOMETHIN' INSIDE!!! I OPENS IT AND WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS INSIDE?!!

A TOO DISGUSTING FOR PUBLICATION TIED UP WITH A PIECE OF STRING!!! WELL, TO THIS DAY WHENEVER I COME ACROSS A JAR WITH THE CAP ON I SLING IT AWAY WITH ALL MY MIGHT!!!

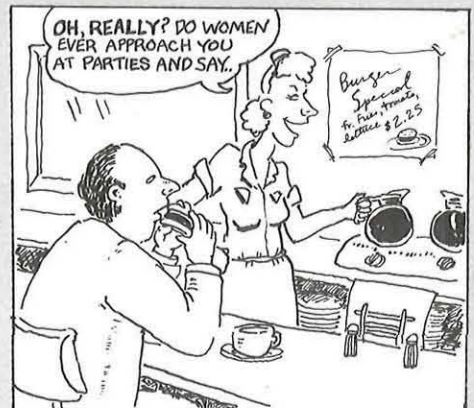
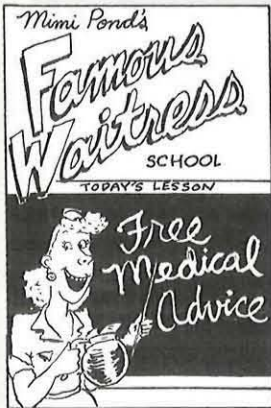
OOOOOOOH, BLIND BOB, THAT'S GROSS!

TOO HIDEOUS FOR PUBLICATION

AND WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GUIDO WAS ABLE TO LOOK AT DEIRDRE WITH NO ILL EFFECTS. THE SECRET DIED WITH HIM!

Lessons in Life

by Mimi Pond



Ward C

by Tom Cheney



Popular Problems

by Ron Hauge



Politenessman

by Ron Barrett



DEDICATED TO OUR PRESIDENT'S SOCIAL SECRETARY, MUFFIE BRANDON - THE GAL WHO MAKES THE WHITE HOUSE A POLITE HOUSE! THANK YOU.

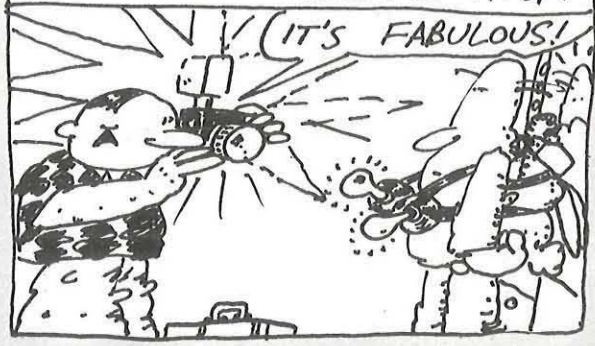
The Rabbit Boy

by Len Glasser

Chapter
14

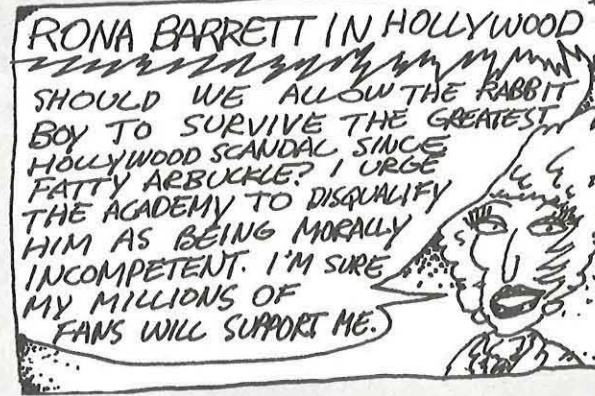
WHILE HOLLYWOOD BUZZES WITH RUMORS ABOUT BERT WINNING AN "OSCAR"—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE HAS RE-ENTERED HIS LIFE IN THE PERSON OF CEDRIC NOOVIN, CARRYING AN ELECTRIC BRASSIERE!

BERT'S DRESSING ROOM

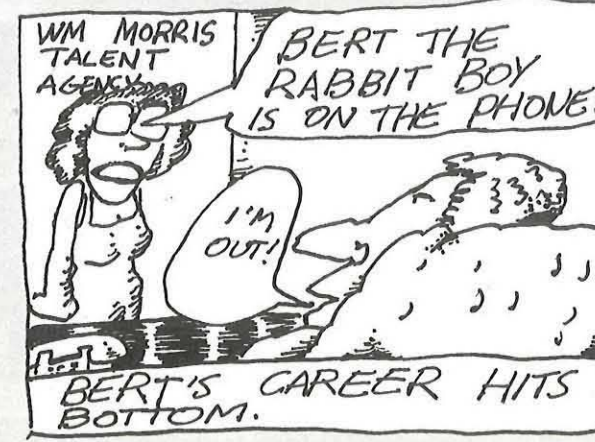


CLOSE DOOR BEFORE LEAVING

JUST THEN...

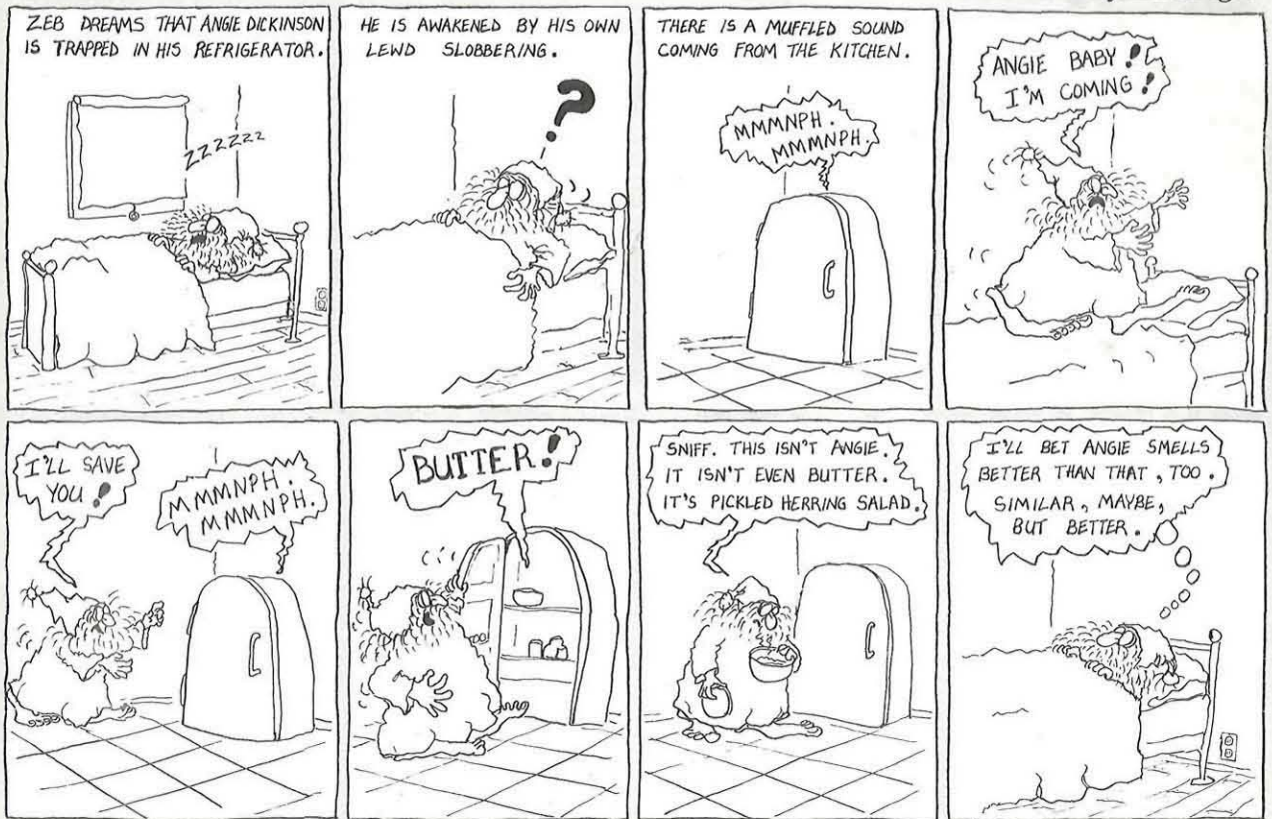


THE ACADEMY AWARDS



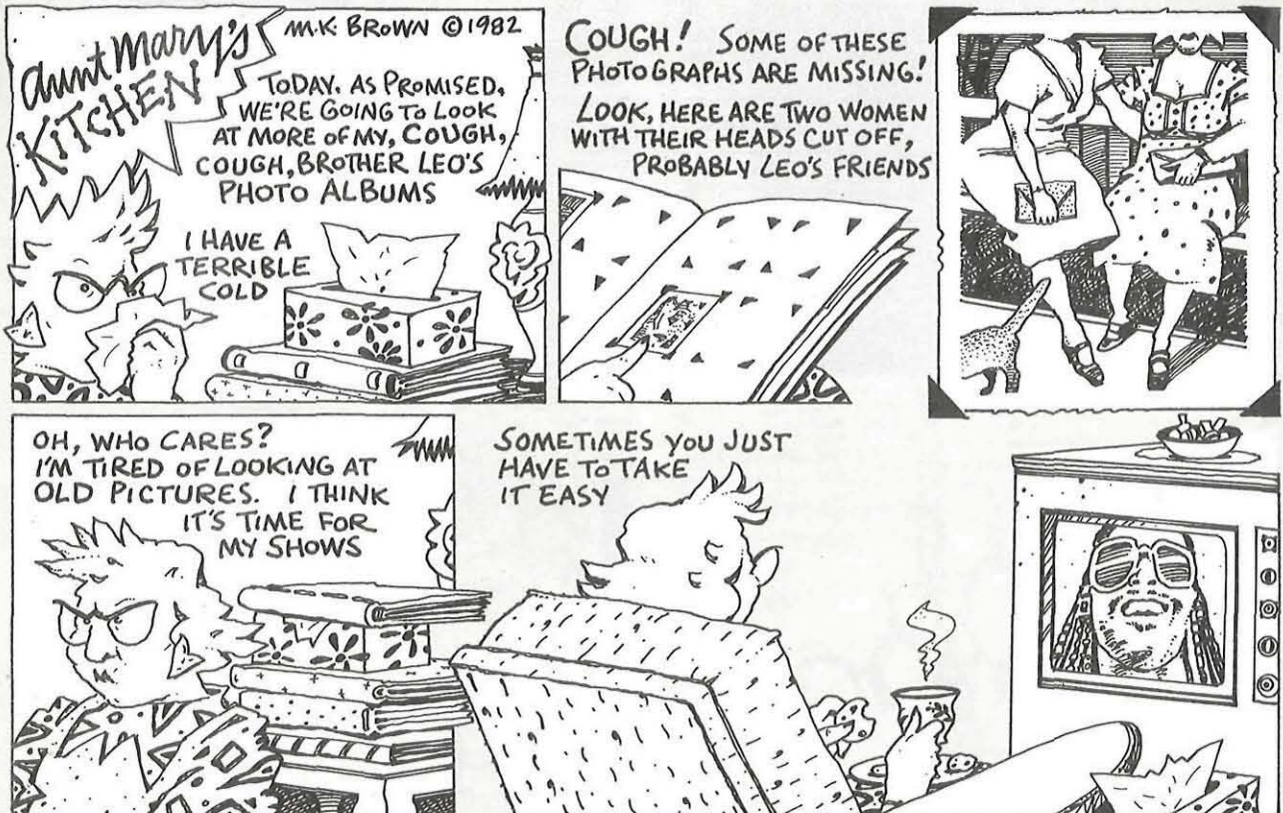
Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

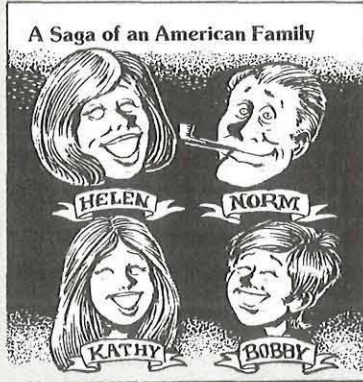
by M. K. Brown



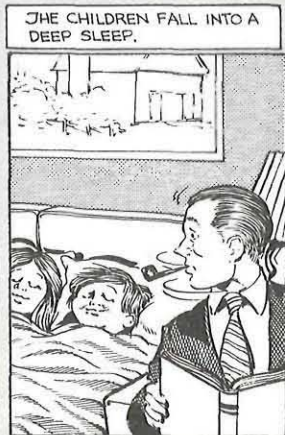
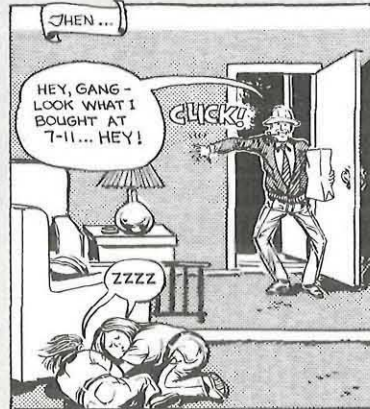
NEXT MONTH: BASIC AUTOMOBILE REPAIR

The Appletons

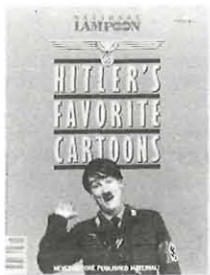
by B. K. Taylor



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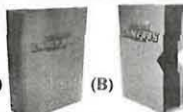
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THAT'S SICK!



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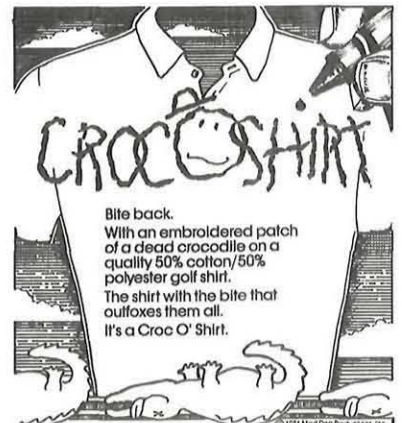
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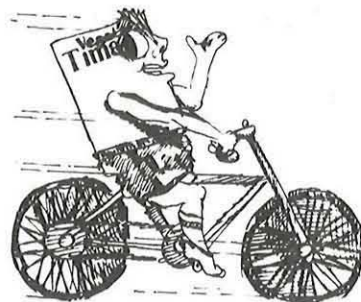


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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79)

Sirs:

There's a real problem with the pronunciation of the word "Uranus." If you say "your-anus," people say, "My what?"; and if you say "urine-us," people think you want them to piss on you; and if you say "you're-in-us," they think you're really sick. But there's a simple solution: Just refer to the planet by the name the Greeks have been using for millions and millions of years—"Bonerland."

Carl Sagan
Cosmos, Alligretti

Sirs:

You've got it wrong. I do still live in the sixties. The East Sixties.

Abbie Hoffman
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Put sex in this letter? The fuck I'll put sex in this letter. You could strap me to a table and get whores to suck me off till I orgasmed to death and I wouldn't put sex in this letter. And if you clubbed me over the head with Ann-Margret's tits, I wouldn't put violence in, either. So fuck off.

A Letter with Principles
*No Sex, No Violence:
These are my principles*

Sirs:

To prepare me properly you need more than just chopped beef. You should also have bread crumbs, a raw egg, and some carrot shavings. But if you don't have a carrot, it's all right, because two out of three ain't bad.

Meat Loaf
Los Angeles

Sirs:

You should snort the ink on this letter. It's really good stuff, man. Then I'll send you some shit to smoke. Only, it won't be shit like marijuana but rather shit like from cows. What a gas, man.

Cheech y Chong
Easy Street

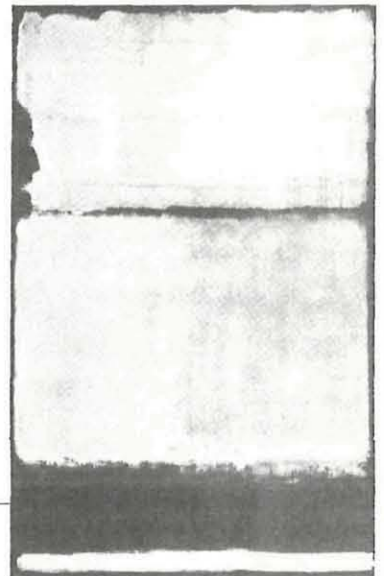
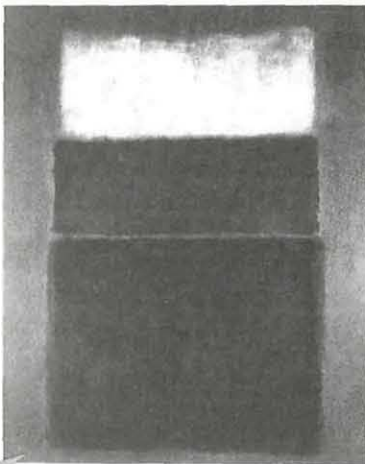
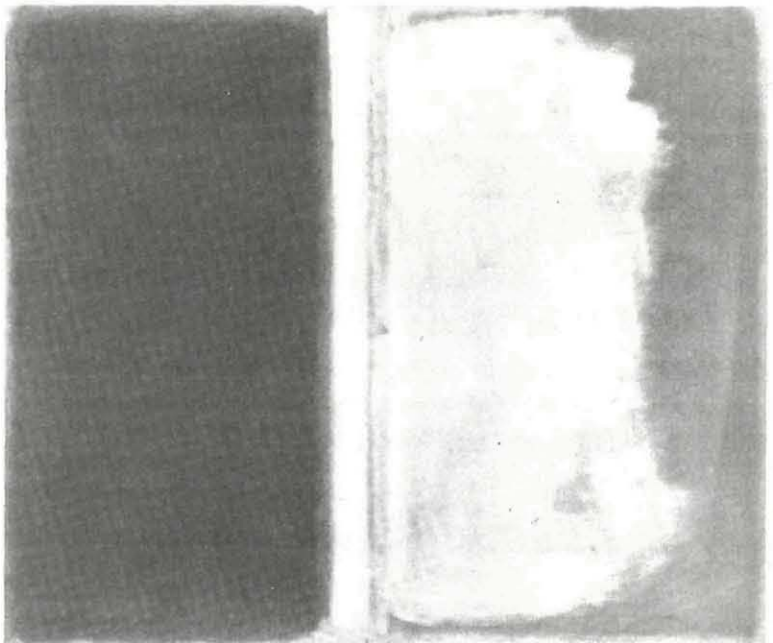


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Label the three paintings reproduced on this page *top*, *bottom*, *left*, and *right* and send the coupon today. Winner will receive a check from *National Lampoon* sufficient to cover the price of admission to the Guggenheim Museum in New York. Winner selected at random. Contest void where prohibited by law.



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Dale C. Evans of Detroit, Michigan, randomly wins the prize for *National Lampoon* Contest #6—a Heavy Metal shopping bag fabricated of space-age silvery paper, costing a quarter but worth much, much, much more! It's on its way!

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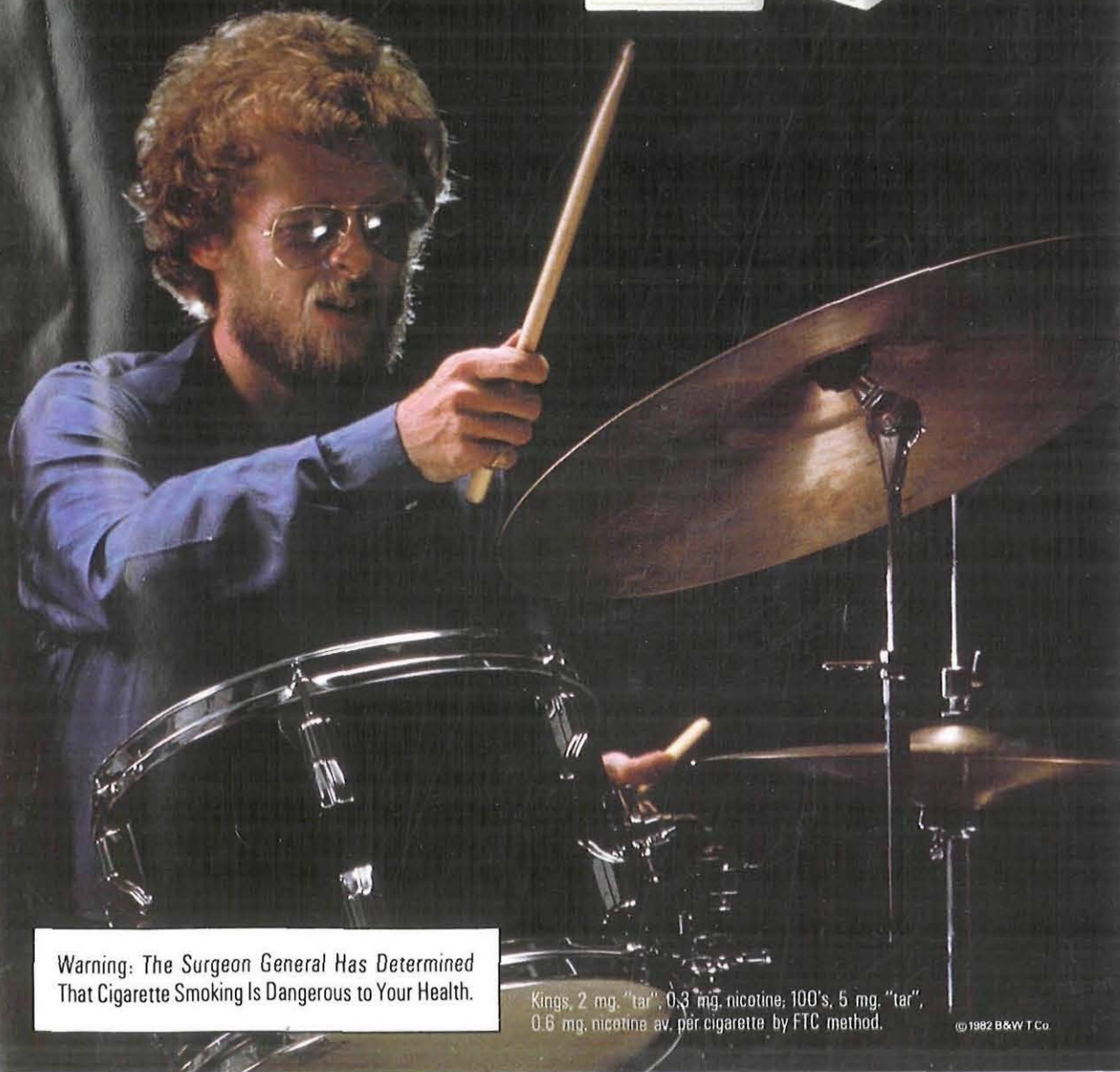
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